LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS

For APRIL, 1808.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A Walking Dress.

A plain cambric, or shawl muslin walking dress; with high back, wrap front, and plaited long sleeve. A loose curricle coat, with French lappels, composed of a figured Chinese silk. Its colour American green, or jonquille; lined throughout with a sarsnet of the same shade; simply confined in front of the bosom with a bow of ribband, or antique brooch. *Chapeau* the same as the coat, with front of the *tiara* form; the crown sitting close to the head, gathered rather full towards the roots of the hair behind, and simply tied under the chin with correspondent ribband. Necklace a double row of the Scotch pebble, linked with gold. Gold spangled earrings, of the hoop form. Round swansdown Opera tippet. Slippers of purple kid; and gloves of York tan.

No. 3.—An Evening Dress.

A round dress of satin, an apricot blossom, or spring green; made a walking length, and trimmed at the feet with a deep thread lace (placed an easy fulness), or a silver scolloped fringe. The dress constructed high in the back, with full robin front, and plain frock sleeve. The new fan, or Queen's ruff, of rich point lace, with shell scolloped edge, sloped to a point in front of the bosom, and finished with an onyx brooch; the bottom of the sleeve to correspond with the dress. Hair cropt behind, and formed *à-la-rustique* in front, divided in the centre of the forehead, with a large onyx set in deep gold. A twisted necklace of the milk-white Bohemian pearl, linked with gold beads; bracelets and earrings of the same. Slippers of white satin or kid, trimmed with silver. Gloves of French kid, above the elbow. Opera fan of carved ivory. Angola shawl of deep amber, thrown negligently over the arm as an occasional wrap.

No. 4.—An Evening Dress.

A round dress with short train, of silver buff lustre, white muslin, or violet crape, worn over white satin, finished at the feet in thick scollops, and fine silver beading; the waist and sleeves wrought in a snail pattern to correspond; bosom and back cut so low as to exhibit much of the bust. A silver girdle tied in front of the waist with large cone tassels. Hair in the Parisian style, confined on the crown of the head in a tuft of full curls, formed in falling ringlets from the centre of the forehead, and ornamented with a bandeau of amethyst linked with gold. Necklace and bracelets of the same, with drop, or pear earrings to correspond. The broad oriental armlet, composed of dead and burnished gold. A short round Opera tippet of swansdown. Turkish slippers of figured white, or violet silk. French kid gloves, above the elbow. With this dress a bouquet of spring flowers and myrtle has a most attractive effect.

EGRA COSTUME.

No. 2.—A young bride of Egra, in her wedding clothes.

Every country has its customs, and every custom its motives, which are usually found in the diversity of the manners and characters of the inhabitants, and this diversity is known to proceed principally from the difference of

climates. With certain nations wedding days are days of rejoicing and finery in dress, not only for the bride and bridegroom, but for all their relations and friends invited to the nuptials: the bride, clad in white, is covered with flowers, diamonds and lace; and if she is in the deepest mourning, it is thrown aside that day, though to be put on the following. In other countries, on the contrary, and particularly in Egra, marriage, considered as a religious and social act of the most sacred and solemn nature, is celebrated with more gravity and reverence. Observe how this timid and modest maid approaches the altar, with downcast eyes, holding her rosary with one hand, and her veil with the other. Her only ornament is the nuptial band bound round her forehead; the rest of her dress, and the large cloak in which she is wrapped up, are of the gloomiest colour, and seem much less adapted to a wedding than to a funeral.

A GENERAL DELINEATION

ON THE MOST PREVAILING AND SELECT *FASHIONS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.*

THE extreme precariousness of the season for some weeks past, has given a check to nature; and the children of fashion, alike retarded in their career, have advanced with less rapidity than usual in that animated diversity and attractive change of costume which generally accompany the return of Spring.—Though the Park, public drives, and theatres have been frequently crowded, yet till within these last few days, we have remarked little of novelty in the general display. But as April may be considered as a carnival month in the metropolis, the numerous articles offered at the shrine of fashion will enable us to select a delineation of female attire, at once distinguishing and elegant. As to the general style, both in full and half-dress, the antique and Chinese seem to prevail over every other. It is extended to articles of jewellery, and almost every species of female and household ornament.

The Russian, Polish, and Zealand wraps and mantles, which have so distinguished the fashionable female during the winter, have lately undergone a considerable metamorphose. Cloth, velvet, and skins are entirely laid aside; and the chinchilli, which has so universally adorned the winter pelisse and mantle, is reserved for the embellishment and comfort of a subsequent season, when its fame will be more generally disseminated. In compliance with the wishes of some of our Correspondents, we here take occasion to remark, that the above-mentioned little animal (whose coat affords this fur, so eminent for its waving softness and neatness of shade) inhabits the base of some mountains in South America, beyond Buenos Ayres, and has been imported from thence to this country. The chinchilli we presume to be a quadrupede of somewhat recent discovery; for in many of our natural histories we find no mention made of such an animal. From the smallness of the creature we may account for the high price of its skin. We have examined it in its natural state, and find it not much larger than a full grown American squirrel; but the formation of its body more nearly resembles that of a cat; it also has large whiskers like those of that animal.

But to return to the usual subject of remark, from which we have a little digressed; we hasten to inform our fair readers, that pelisses, coats, and mantles, are now invariably composed of shaded, and figured brocade sarsnets, and Chinese silks. The colours so various as to render it difficult to say what is most prevalent. American, or spring green, stone colour, shaded purple, violet, and silver grey, are most eminent amidst a fashionable selection. They are still formed with French gores, sitting close to the figure; plain and unconfined in the back. Those of the newest construction are styled a Polanise coat and vest—and are what is commonly termed a three-quartered length. The long pelisse is worn quite loose, and is wrapt round the figure in unstudied negligence, by the disposition of the hands. Their most fashionable trimming is silk tufted fringe, or the large link trimming, formed of the same material as the coat, with village bonnets to correspond. We have been favoured (by a female of acknowledged fashion, rank, and beauty) with the sight of a spring habit, comprising much novel elegance. It consisted of a round robe of double sarsnet; its colour a silver brown, and it was formed with a plain long sleeve, of easy fulness, and cut a walking length, sitting high round the neck, and close to the bust. It laced behind, and was ornamented with frogs, of the same colour, on each side of the bosom *à-la-Militaire.* Round the edge of the throat was placed an antique lace, with cuffs of the same. A loose Capuchin cloak converted this habit into the carriage, or walking costume. It was confined on one side of the figure by the attitude of the hand, and on the other it flowed in wav-

ing negligence. It had a deep collar, shaped to sit close round the chin; where it was finished with a scolloped lace in double plaits and united in front of the throat with a large shell brooch of oriental pearl. A wove border of a shell pattern in brocade suiting with the shade of the sarsnet, ornamented the cloak at the edge; and a slouch hat of plain split straw, of the finest texture, with a Brussels lace veil, reaching a little below the chin, completed this chaste, and superior habit. Rich French silk scarfs, Cassimere, and Angola shawls, with Opera mantles of white satin, trimmed with Angola fringe rank high amidst the fashionable variety.

Straw hats of divers forms are now offered as an appropriate spring covering; those of the small Yeoman form, with the slouch and fancy gipsy, are considered at present most genteel. They are sometimes ornamented with wreaths of spring flowers, simply and tastefully disposed; or with ribband figured sarsnet bonnets, corresponding with the coat or mantle, appear on females of unquestionable taste and celebrity. They are chiefly of the French poke, and Scotch form, ornamented with lace puffings of ribband. These bonnets (like the little French caps which distinguish the morning, or half-dress), are cut so as to display the ears, and sit close to the roots of the hair behind. In full dress the hair still preserves the antique style; ornamented with *Chapeaus de fleurs*,—and the Anne Boleyn cap of black lace, tamboured in shaded green silk, or chenille. Coronets of gold filigree, formed in a cluster of shells, and fastened behind with the new and elegant Persian pin, shine most conspicuous amidst a drawing-room diversity. The Brazilian coif, of bright amber tissue, wrought in small checks of silver, and ornamented with large cut silver beads, is an head-dress at once *unique* and splendid.

The twisted necklace, of pearl, beads, and gold, blended in tasteful contrast, are much in esteem: we have seen some of purple beads linked, or twisted with gold, some of garnets, and others of the emerald shade. Maltese amulets are more general than ever. The most fashionable construction for gowns is, high in the back, with *antique* ruffs of fine scolloped lace. Trains are again become visible in full dress, but are still of the moderate order; and the long sleeve, set in from the shoulder, also forms a part of this costume. But we observe many females to whom nature has given an arm fair, and beautifully moulded, still persevere in the short sleeve, which best displays them to advantage.

Coloured robes of buff, or azure, formed of sarsnet, or lustre, are selected for the season. White muslin, or Italian crape round dresses, painted, or tamboured up the front, and round the bottom, in a border of the scarlet geranium (the leaf and flower tastefully entwined), forms a most beautiful garment. But though white robes will necessarily regain a portion of popularity as the summer advances, yet it appears that coloured dresses of various constructions, will obtain the most novel and fashionable distinction. Morning, or breakfast wraps, are now made without a cape; to sit so high round the throat as to meet the roots of the hair behind; they are usually bordered entirely round with needle-work. With these wraps, (and also with the Zealand jacket of fashionable notoriety) are worn high drawn ruffs of muslin edged with a narrow vandyke, or scolloped lace. These frills are sometimes attached to the embroidered habit-shirt—which last mentioned useful article is now formed in a more fanciful manner than we can find time to delineate.

In the article of shoes, we remark coloured kid to prevail over jean; in full dress, figured silk, and plain satin, are most in esteem; for undress, brown, purple, and buff kid are more appropriate.

Gloves are generally guided by the taste of the several wearers; but white and blossom kid, for full dress, with York tan and Limerick, for the morning habit, must ever be considered an appropriate adoption.

The most fashionable colours for the season are pale olive, stone colour, American, or spring green, and jonquille. Sarsnets of agreeably contrasted shades will, it is thought, be much in request during the summer season.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

LETTER FROM A DESERTED WIFE IN AMERICA, TO A FAITHLESS HUSBAND.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND,—I who had expected your return from Europe with painful anxiety—who had counted the slow hours which parted you from me—think how I was shocked at hearing you would return no more, and that you had settled with a mistress in a distant state. It was for your sake that I lamented. You went against my earnest entreaties; but it was with a desire which I thought sincere, to provide a genteel maintenance for your little ones, whom you said you could not bear to see brought up in the evils of poverty. I might now lament the disap-

pointment, in not sharing the riches which I hear you have amassed, but I scorn it.—What are riches compared to the delight of sincere affection? I deplore the loss of your love, I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and will, I am sure, as such mistaken conduct must, terminate in misery. But I mean not to remonstrate. It is, alas! too late; I only write to acquaint you with the health, and some other circumstances, of myself and those little ones whom you once loved.

"The house you left us in could not be supported without an expence which the little sum you left behind could not long supply. I have relinquished it, and have retired to a neat little cottage, thirty miles from town. We make no pretensions to elegance; but we live in great neatness, and, by strict economy, supply our moderate wants with as much comfort as our desolate situation will allow. Your presence, my love, would make the little cottage a palace.

"Poor Emily, who has grown a fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you; and as she sits by my side, often repeats with a sigh,—"When will my dear Papa return?" The others are constantly asking me the same questions; and little Henry, as soon as he began to talk, learned to lisp in the first syllables he ever uttered,—"When will Papa come home?" Sweet fellow! he is now sitting on his stool at my side, and as he sees me drop a tear, asks me why I weep, for Papa will come home soon. He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking-cane, and take particular delight in it because it is Papa's.

"I do assure you I never open my lips to them on the cause of your absence; but I cannot prevail on myself to bid them cease to ask when you will return, though the question frequently extorts a tear (which I hide in a smile), and wrings my soul, while I suffer in silence. I have taught them to mention you with the greatest ardour of affection in their morning and evening prayers, and they always add of themselves a petition for your speedy return.

"I spend my time in giving them the little instruction I am able. I cannot afford to place them at any eminent school, and do not choose that they should acquire meanness and vulgarity at a low one. As to English, they read alternately, three hours every morning, the most celebrated poets and prose writers; and they can write, though not an elegant, yet a very plain and legible hand.

"Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irksome; it affords me a sweet consolation in your absence. Indeed, if it were not for the little ones I am afraid I should not support it. I think it will be a satisfaction to you to hear that by retrenching our wants and expences, we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy; and though poor, we are not unhappy from the want of any necessary.

"Pardon my interrupting you; I mean to give you satisfaction.—Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not resentful. I wish you all the happiness you are capable of and am your once loved, and still affectionate

"EMILIA.

London: Printed by and for JOHN BELL, *Southampton-street, Strand.*

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1808.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An elegant PORTRAIT of the MOST NOBLE THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND.
2. The CONQUEST; by R. SMIRKE, Esq. R. A.
3. FIVE WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON.
4. A new DANCE and WALTZ, composed expressly and exclusively for this Work, by Mr. LANZA.
5. An elegant new PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For APRIL, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Thirtieth Number.

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND.

ANNE, Marchioness Townshend, is the youngest daughter of William Montgomery, Esq. afterwards created a Baronet. Her family was originally Scotch, though settled in Ireland. Her first acquaintance with the noble Marquis her husband, arose when his Lordship held the high office of Viceroy of Ireland. It was there that he first beheld Miss Montgomery, and became enamoured of her; his attachment was speedily followed by an offer of his hand, and he married her, May 19, 1773.

In an early part of this Work we took occasion to submit to our readers some biographical particulars respecting the Marchioness Townshend, and to pay a sincere homage to those virtues which diffuse a brighter lustre over the possessor than beauty, rank, wealth, or honours.*

It would consequently be unnecessary to repeat here the facts recorded in our first Volume; we have therefore only to notice the change that has taken place in the condition of the Marchioness, who, last year, became a widow by the death of her venerable husband, and her recent resignation of the office of Mistress of the Robes to the Princess of Wales, which she had held ever since the formation of her Royal Highness's household.

Her Ladyship has a numerous and most beautiful family. Anne, the eldest child, was born, Feb. 1, 1775, married to Harrington Hudson, Esq.; Charlotte, born March 17, 1776, married August 9, 1797, to his Grace the Duke of Leeds; Honoria Maria, born July 6, 1777; William, born September 5, 1778; Harriet, born April 20, 1782; James Nugent Boyle Bernardo, born September 11, 1785.

* See Vol. I. p. 16.

THE DUCHESS OF WEIMAR.

"AMONG the few distinguished persons who have retained the elevation of the ancient German character, is Louisa, reigning Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, and daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt. Her consort, as is well known, was one of the Generals of the King of Prussia, in the ever memorable campaign of 1806. When the allied armies collected themselves in the little territory of the Duke, where it was resolved to wait the arrival of the French; when it was determined to hazard the battle, which was to decide the fate of all Germany, in the vicinity of Weimar, the Duchess resolved to abide in her residence. The venerable Duchess Dowager, the sister of the Duke of Brunswick, and the hereditary Prince of Weimar, with his consort, the sister of the Emperor Alexander, retreated precipitately to Brunswick; but the Duchess, even after the fatal issue of the battle of Jena was foreseen, retired within the walls of her palace, and waited the event with calmness and resignation. She had assembled round her the ladies of her Court, and generously offered an asylum to the English, whose situation was then so perilous. Her amiable friend Miss Gore, with her aged parent, (since deceased), and Mr. Osborne, a gentleman who formerly filled a diplomatic character in several of the Continental Courts, were among the select party whom the Duchess collected together in a wing of the Castle, while the state apartments were opened for the reception of the unwelcome and terrific guest. During the awful 14th of October, the Duchess and her friends were immured in their recess, and had no nourishment but a few cakes of chocolate found by accident. When the fortunes of the day began to be decided (and that took place early in the morning), the Prussians retreating through the town, were pursued by the French, and slaughtered in the streets. Some of the inhabitants were murdered, and a general plunder began. In the evening the Conqueror approached and entered to palace of the Duke, now become his own, by the *right* of conquest. It was then that the Duchess left her apartment, and seizing the moment of his entering the hall, placed herself on the top of the staircase, to greet him with the formality of a courtly reception. Napoleon started when he beheld her: "*Qui êtes vous?* (Who are you?)" he exclaimed with his characteristic abruptness. "*Je suis la Duchesse de Weimar* (I am the Duchess of Weimar)." "*Je vous plains,*" he retorted fiercely, "*j'ecraserai votre mari* (I pity you, I shall crush your husband)." He then added, "I shall dine in my apartment," and rushed by her.

She sent her Chamberlain early on the following morning to enquire concerning the health of his Majesty the Emperor, and to solicit an audience. The morning dreams of Napoleon had possibly soothed his mind to gentleness, or he recollected that he was Monarch as well as General, and could not refuse what the Emperor owed to the Duchess: he accordingly returned a gracious answer, and invited himself to breakfast with her in her apartment.

On his entrance, he began instantly with an interrogative. "How could your husband, Madame, be so mad as to make war against me?" "Your Majesty would have despised him if he had not," was the dignified answer he received. "How so?" he hastily replied. The Duchess slowly and deliberately rejoined, "My husband has been in the service of the King of Prussia upwards of thirty years, and surely it was not at the moment that the King had so mighty an enemy as your Majesty to contend with that the Duke could abandon him." A reply so admirable, which asserted so powerfully the honour of the speaker, and yet conciliated the vanity of the adversary, was irresistible. Bonaparte became at once more mild, and exclaimed, "Madam, you are the most estimable woman I ever knew—You have saved your husband!" Yet he could not confer favour unaccompanied with insult; for reiterating his assurances of esteem, he added, "*Je le pardonne, mais c'est a cause de vous seulement; car, pour lui, c'est un mauvais sujet.*" The Duchess to this made no reply; but seizing the happy moment, interceded successfully for her suffering people. Napoleon gave orders that the plundering should cease: and afterwards ordered that Mr. Osborne, who had in the mean while been arrested, should be released.

When the treaty, which secured the nominal independence of Weimar, was presented by a French General, to the Duke, he refused to take it into his own hands, saying, with more than gallantry, "Give it to my wife; the Emperor intended it for her."

Painted by R. Smirke R.A. — Engraved by Milton.

THE CONQUEST.

London. Published as the Act directs May 1. 1808 by.

THE ARTIST.

No. IV.

Including the Lives of living and deceased Painters, collected from authentic sources,—accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS *of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[*Continued from Page* 111.]

FROM the revenues arising from the Exhibitions, united to the bounty of his Majesty in making good any deficiencies in the current charges, the Academy found itself sufficient, in a less period than five years, to decline trespassing any longer upon the royal purse. It was now enabled, not only to subsist upon its own resources, and the regular receipts of its annual exhibitions, but to lay the basis of a charitable fund for the purposes of professional benevolence.

Such was the state of the Academy for upwards of fifteen years, under the Presidency of Sir Joshua Reynolds; during which period the utmost friendship and harmony, with respect to the general conduct of the institution, prevailed among the Academicians; and the sure effects of this domestic tranquillity were experienced in the rising estimation and prosperity of the Society. The office of President was thus rendered no less flattering to the fame, than agreeable to the private feelings of Sir Joshua; but the death of many of the first members, and the introduction of new ones, produced in a few years, a visible difference with respect to the tranquillity of the society, and the office of President; and so disturbed was the situation of Sir Joshua, and embarrassed the general arrangement of the Academy, that he was induced to resign the chair.

The good sense of the Academy prevailed; a deputation was sent to invite him to resume the chair, with whose solicitations he complied.

The Academy continuing to increase in prosperity with the general advancement of the arts, and the estimation of the institution rising in the public opinion, an influence which had its source in a dictatorial power which the constitution of the Academy had vested in the Treasurer, Sir William Chambers, began to make its appearance; which so much disturbed the latter years of Sir Joshua's presidency, that had not death put an end to it, it was his fixed determination to have resigned.

Sir Joshua's demise took place in the year 1791; but a few weeks previous to it, finding his health decline, he appointed Mr. West to take the chair, as his deputy; and to present to the General Assembly his letter of resignation; upon this, Mr. West was appointed Chairman for conducting the business of the Academy, till another President should be elected.

It thus appears that this gentleman was regarded by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the general body of the Academicians, as the worthy successor to the chair. Indeed, throughout the profession, there was but one voice upon this subject.

In order to form a just estimate of the state of improvement which Mr. West has introduced into his profession, it is necessary to take a concise view of historical painting, by British Masters, previous to the year 1768, when he came to this country.

It had been the practice of many of our British sovereigns, in consulting the necessary dignity and ornament of their courts, and perhaps from some love of the art itself, however originating in principles narrow and perverted, to invite into the kingdom foreign artists of distinguished reputation, in order to supply the defect of native talent; which was not at that time considered to have resulted from what has been since proved its only source,—the want of domestic patronage. Nevertheless, whatever might be the temptation to the foreign artist, or the taste and liberality of the monarch, it is certain that the first advances to any thing allied to excellence

in the historical line, were made by Sir James Thornhill, a native artist, in the reign of Queen Anne.

Sir James Thornhill was a man of undoubted talent, and of a sufficiency of taste and knowledge in historical compositions, to meet the full demand of the age in which he lived. His paintings on ceilings, and his architectural deceptions, form the body of works from which he is to be estimated.

Such, however, was the taste in art which prevailed during his time, not only in England, but throughout Europe. It was this taste which turned the talents of the artists toward the readiest and most accommodating means of satisfying it; and hence arose those clumsy allegories, and still harsher personifications, which took their course through most of the compositions of that day; and to which we are indebted for having in personal form and shape, the Cardinal Virtues, and many other of the abstract qualities of mind and body. Whilst a phrenzy of this kind prevailed, it is no matter of surprise that the art should be gradually reduced, till it became at length almost the humble handmaid of the mason and the plasterer, and was chiefly employed in the decoration of the external walls of houses, with subjects of the same sort which had before occupied the interior. Indeed, at this period, legendary subjects and allegories seemed to be the only remaining employment of the historical pencil throughout Europe.

In succession to Sir James Thornhill, Hogarth appeared. It was the peculiar talent of this great painter, to seize upon the vices of human nature, and to chastise them, not with the light and gentle hand of ridicule, under which (as a great writer has observed,) they are more apt, like Norway pines, to shoot up with a quicker growth, and flourish with a more expanded luxuriance; but to punish them with the sternness and just indignation of the moralist, and, by the aid of that satire, of which humour was the least laboured and least ostensible feature, to derive a grand and extensive moral, applicable to those scenes of life which he had chosen as the subjects of his pencil. Such was the talent of Hogarth, and whilst we confess his pre-eminence in this province of art, justice compels us to say, that his few attempts at history have no tendency to extend the dominion of his genius beyond it.

To Hogarth succeeded Hayman, whose works, produced under the patronage of Tyers, at Vauxhall, and several compositions for books,—such as his Don Quixotte, and English Poets, are well known to the public.

Hayman was a man of genius, and his works are creditable to himself and the age in which he lived; but the world has long been contented to assign them any other merit than that which belongs to works of history.

Such was the state of historical painting, not only in England, but throughout Europe, when Mr. West's pencil first attracted the attention of the public, in his picture of Aggripina landing at Brundusium with the ashes of Germanicus; his Regulus departing from Rome; his Hannibal swearing eternal Enmity to the Roman Name; his Death of Epaminondas; his Death of Chevalier Bayard; his Penn's Treaty with the Indians; and his Death of General Wolfe. These subjects of historical facts, which express the dignity of human actions, and the just representations of nature under the most awful and interesting events of life:—these subjects, in which the loftier virtues of patriotism, fortitude, and justice, are seen embodied in real agents, and brought forth in scenes of positive existence; in which likewise the milder virtues of conjugal fidelity and social philanthropy, and all those qualities which elevate the human being, and bring him forward in the just dignity of his nature, and grandeur of his mind;—these subjects, which form the compositions of the pictures above enumerated, were reserved for the pencil of this distinguished artist, and must ever be considered as forming the æra of that taste and national advancement in the perception of the excellencies of the historical pencil, which commenced with Mr. West's appearance in his profession.

The unrivalled prints from these subjects, by Woollett and others, spread a knowledge of them through the civilized world, at a price never before experienced in art; and they not only became the pride of this nation, but laid the basis of a purer taste, and became the origin of historical works of corresponding dignity, throughout all the kingdoms of Europe, —a circumstance which has so justly given to this artist, in Italy, France, and Germany, the appellation of the "Reviver of Historical Painting," which has been repeatedly declared by their numerous academies. The success attending these prints gave rise to those numerous speculations which produced so many national collections, under the names of the Shakespeare, the Poets', and the Historical Galleries.

The above-mentioned pictures, together with the Life of Edward the Third, in the King's Presence Chamber at Windsor; the designs for the windows of the Collegiate Church from the New Testament; with Mr.

West's other works in the cathedrals of Rochester, Winchester, St. Stephen's, Walbrook; in King's College chapel, Cambridge; and in the chapel of Greenwich Hospital,—these, with many others of his large pictures, together with the subjects from revealed religion, for his Majesty's chapel at Windsor, were produced prior to his being called to the chair, on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1791.

From this slight review of the works of Mr. West prior to this period, it is no matter of surprise that the members of the Royal Academy should unanimously have voted him to fill the chair of the Academy in succession to Sir Joshua Reynolds, not only as one of the four artists who, under the sanction of his Majesty, had first founded the Royal Academy, but as one who, by the efforts of his pencil, had ever laboured to support the higher department of art at all their annual exhibitions.

Without any particular view to personal reputation in filling the chair of the Institution, it was the ambition of Mr. West to consider the station he occupied, as one only of the means by which the love of the arts might be cherished and extended in the country, coupled with the elevation of the character of the artist, and the improvement of his general condition.

It was to these views, abstracted from all other considerations, that he directed his attention; and it is for the public to decide, whether, in a long course of professional life, that which formed the unremitting object of his ambition and industry, has been crowned with any thing of success.

We have before hinted at some differences which existed between Sir Joshua Reynolds and the then Treasurer of the Academy, Sir William Chambers. Upon Mr. West's succeeding to the chair, the first object of his attention was the finances of the Society, which he found in a state of unexpected derangement. These funds, indeed, at the commencement of the Institution had been very loosely and insufficiently guarded. The custom had been to invest them in the Bank of England, in the names of the President, the Treasurer, and Secretary, without providing any particular auditorship, or general trust, in the body of the Academy itself. This, to say no more, was exposing the funds of the Academy to danger, or at least to a temptation to abuse them; but it so occurred, that almost upon Mr. West's becoming President, by the death of the Treasurer and the withdrawing of the Secretary, the whole funds and personal wealth of the Academy became invested solely in his name, and stood thus, with his uncontrouled power of disposition over them, in the books of the Bank of England. In order, therefore, to remedy this so unprecedented and dangerous consequence in any single officer, Mr. West, in conjunction with the Council, submitted to the Academy a new plan for the disposition and security of their funds, by recommending the following propositions:—

1st. That auditors should be chosen to review and check the accounts from the commencement of the Institution, and ascertain the precise state of the funds.

2d. That the General Assembly should appoint perpetual Auditors, to be renewed by annual election, and, in order to secure the funds more effectually, that a Trustee, chosen by the Assembly, should be joined with the President, the Treasurer, and the Secretary; and that the property should be invested in the name of the Academy, as their corporate fund.

As these funds had accumulated from the receipts of the Exhibitions, after defraying the regular expences of the Academy, it became highly necessary, in order to keep up their productiveness and increase their amount, that a series of splendid Exhibitions should become a constant source of public attraction, and that the fame of the artist should be invited to go hand in hand with the prosperity of the Society. Mr. West directed his views to this object, and, whilst he continued indefatigable in his own exertions, he cherished, with the most ardent zeal, and provoked, by all the incitements in his power, as well by personal instruction as by constant supervision, the juvenile pencils of the Academy. From these meritorious labours, and from other concurrent causes, the fame and popularity of the several Exhibitions were encreased beyond what had hitherto been their lot, and the receipts became proportionate to the public attraction. The finances of the Academy becoming thus largely on the increase, it was resolved to establish two funds,—one, limited to the Institution, for the purpose of its regular disbursements, to be called the Academical Fund; the other, for the purpose of giving assistance to the aged and decayed artists, their widows, and children, to be called the Donation Fund.

This fund is at the present day capable of affording considerable relief to its reduced members. To this fund, moreover, the savings of the Academy are appropriated, in order to extend its operations, and lay a basis of larger benevolence.

[*To be continued.*]

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

THE CONQUEST.

BY R. SMIRKE, ESQ. R. A.

The leading idea of this pleasing composition is taken from a farce of Foote's "Taste;" in which Lady Pentweazle is introduced sitting for her portrait to Mr. Carmine, the fashionable face painter of the day.

The humour of Foote, was intended to expose the egregious vanity of the lady, and to exhibit that successful practice of address in the painter, by which the public became a dupe to an impostor,—by which flattery and fraud debauched the principles of judgment, and corrupted the taste of the age. The irony of Foote was principally of a satirical turn, seasoned with somewhat of the usual malevolence of his character. Mr. Smirke, however, in the composition now before us, has had no view to satire and ridicule, any further than as they apply to general follies, and to the exposure of character, not singled out, but taken, without invidious preference or distinction, from the general mass.

This composition consists of three figures forming one group, the principal character of which is the lady sitting for her portrait.—This figure is conceived and treated with the most exquisite powers of humour,—her round, pursy form, her unwieldy figure, tricked out in all the tasteless ornaments of an absurd conceit, her vulgar vanity, her magisterial air, her gross affectation, and, above all, her unconquerable termagancy, are rendered with the most appropriate, chastened, and delicate humour. There is nothing forced, or allied to caricature. It is nature justly conceived, and represented only in the extravagance of its own affectation and folly.

The figure of the tame, servile, city husband, half proud, and half afraid of his wife, cringing at her elbow—with her favourite lap-dog under his arm, is represented with a power of humour, equally original and refined. His dress is exquisitely appropriate; and the character of avarice and wealth, and meanness struggling for the pretensions of Taste, are powerfully impressed on the figures of both husband and wife.

The success of the artist, however, has been in nothing more complete than in the representation of Mr. Carmine. The refinement, and gloss of his imposture, the skilfulness and effect of his gross adulation, the practised smile of hypocrisy, the complimentary gaiety, the presumption and professional conceit of his talents, are all finely traced out in the delineation of this figure.

The furniture of the painting-room is not neglected; it is crowded with that sort of foppery, and affected reliques of art, which were the stock in trade of this accomplished gentleman. Indeed we may venture to declare that this composition is unrivalled for that turn of delicate humour, which may be said to constitute the Comedy of the Art.

LIFE OF GUIDO RENI.

THIS illustrious artist was born at Bologna, in 1574. His father was a musician, and intended to bring up his son to the same profession, but the latter conceiving a strong attachment to painting, he was placed, at an early age, under the tuition of Denis Calvaert, a Flemish painter of great reputation. In his twentieth year he left Calvaert, and became a pupil of the Carácci. They soon discovered in him a lofty and ambitious spirit, combined with such superior talents, that it was not long before he excited the jealousy of those great masters. He carefully studied their style, but imitated that of Ludovico, in preference to that of Annibale or Agostino, because the compositions of the former displayed more grandeur and grace than those of the others. He was likewise struck with the surprizing effects of the paintings of Caravaggio, and for some time adopted that manner; but the style on which he at length fixed originated in a reflection of Annibale Caracci on the last-mentioned artist. He observed that a contrary method might perhaps more than counterbalance its effects, by substituting for the contracted and deciduous flash, an open, ample light; by opposing delicacy to his fierceness, decision to the obscurity of his line, and ideal forms to the vulgarity of his models. These words which sunk deeper into the mind of Guido than his master expected, soon prompted him to try the suggestion. Suavity became his aim; he sought it in design, in touch, and in colour; and finally fixed on a manner peculiar to himself, which was easy, graceful, great, and elegant, which secured to him the applause of the whole world, and the admiration of posterity, so that he is ranked among the first-rate painters of any age or country since the revival of the art.

All the excellencies of painting seem united in this superior genius; for whether we consider the grand style of his composition, the delicacy of his ideas, the disposition of his objects in general, or the beautiful turn of his female forms, his colouring, or the graceful airs of the heads, all are admirable and fill the mind with a kind of ecstacy. All subjects indeed were not equally adapted to the genius of Guido, and Mr. Fuseli observes that his attitudes seldom elevate themselves to the pure expression and graceful simplicity of the face: the grace of Guido is the grace of theatres. The mode, not the motive, determines the action. His Magdalens weep to be seen; his Hero throws herself upon the body of Leander, Herodias holds the head of her victim, and his Lucretias stab themselves with the studied airs and postures of buskined heroines. It would, however, be unjust not to allow that there are many exceptions to this affectation in the works of Guido. His Helen departing with Paris, is a performance which alone would atone for every blemish. In her divine face the sublime purity of Niobe is mingled with the charms of Venus; the wife, the mother, indeed, give way to the lover, but diffuse a soft melancholy which tempers her fervor with dignity. This expression is supported by the careless and unconscious elegance of her attitude, while that of Paris, stately, courteous, insipid, gives him more the air of an ambassador attending her by proxy, than of a lover carrying her off for himself. His male forms in general, are little more than transcripts of such models as are to be found in a genial climate, sometimes characterized by juvenile grace and vigorous manhood, but seldom elevated to ideal beauty. The tender, the pathetic, the devout, in which he could manifest the sweetness and the delicacy of his thoughts, were the qualities in which he peculiarly excelled; these distinguished him from every other painter, and almost gave him a precedence to all.

In expressing the different parts of the body, he had a remarkable peculiarity; for he usually designed the eyes of his figures large, the mouth small, the toes rather too closely joined, and without any great variety, though that was not occasioned by any want of skill, but out of choice, and to avoid affectation. The heads of his figures are accounted not inferior to those of Raphael, either for correctness of design, or an engaging propriety of expression; and De Piles very justly observes, that the merit of Guido consisted in that moving and persuasive beauty, which did not so much proceed from a regularity of features as from a lovely air which he gave to the mouth, with a peculiar modesty which he had the art to place in the eye.

The draperies of Guido are always disposed with large folds, in the grand style, and contrived with singular judgment to fill up the void spaces, free from stiffness or affectation, noble and elegant. Though he did not understand the principles of the chiaro-scuro, yet he sometimes practised it through a felicity of genius. His pencil was light, and his touch

free, but very delicate, and although he took great pains to labour his pictures highly, yet, it is said, he generally gave some free and bold strokes to his work, in order to conceal the toil and time he had bestowed upon it. His colouring is often astonishingly clear and pure: but sometimes also, his pictures, and more especially those of his latter time, have a greyish cast, which changed into a livid colour, and his shadows partook of the green. But his works have ever been deservedly admired through all Europe and to this day continue to increase in value and esteem.

Many of his later performances are not to be placed in competition with those which he painted before he unhappily fell into distressed circumstances, in consequence of an immoderate love of gaming. Though honours were heaped upon him by several crowned heads, and riches flowed in a full tide to recompence his extraordinary talents, yet, necessity sometimes compelled him to work for an immediate subsistence, which gave him the habit of painting in a more slight and negligent manner, without any attention to his honour or his fame.

In the church of St. Philip Neri, at Fano, there is a grand altar-piece by Guido, representing Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter. The head of our Saviour is exceedingly fine, that of St John admirable, and the other apostles are in a grand style, full of elegance, with a strong expression, and it is well preserved. In the archiepiscopal gallery at Milan is a St. John, wonderfully tender in the colouring, and the graces diffused through the design excites the admiration of every beholder. At Bologna, in the Palazzo Tanaro, is a most beautiful picture of the Virgin, the infant Jesus, and St. John, in which the heads are exquisitely graceful, and the draperies in a grand style. But in the Palazzo Zampieri is preserved one of the most capital paintings of Guido; the subject is the penitence of St. Peter after denying Christ, with one of the apostles apparently comforting him. The figures are as large as life, and the whole is of astonishing beauty; the painter having shewn in that single performance, the art of painting carried to its highest perfection. The heads are nobly designed, the colouring clear, and the expression inimitably just and natural. There is also in the collection of the Earl of Moira, a fine head by Guido, representing Christ crowned with thorns: it has a graceful and affecting expression, and in an amiable style exhibits all the dignity and resignation of the sufferer.

Guido died in the year 1642, at the age of sixty-eight.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SUPPLEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY;

OR, RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

[*Concluded from Page* 19.]

AVALANCHES.

In the year 1777, a short journey was taken by some English gentlemen from Geneva to the Glacieres in Savoy, and in the account of it, afterwards published by Mr. Weber, one of the company, he says—"the rain that fell at night, occasioned a great thundering noise, by the melting and falling down of the snow from the mountains.

"Avalanches, or vast lumps of snow, are frequently carried off and violently bolted from crag to crag by adverse currents of air in those elevated regions. The snow thus detached, is then hurried down by its own gravity, and in rolling gathers and encreases to such a size, that, in its descent, it has been known to choak up all the passes, often filling whole vallies, and burying the unfortunate passengers under its accumulated mass.

"In the winter of 1769-70, there happened a very frightful fall of snow; when this mass, or immense lavange fell down the mountain, the effect of the pressed air was so terrible that it opened itself a passage through a wood of beech and fir tres, which covered this declivity, and left not one tree standing in its way. It stopped the course of a little river that runs in the valley of Chamouni, near the foot of

Mont Blanc, overthrew on the other side a great number of trees, and demolished many stronger barns than those which remained covered and crushed to pieces by this fall."

"These accidents are sometimes occasioned by the mere flying of birds, or the running of chamois.

"During our stay among these glacieres, we were continually stunned with the falls of fragments of ice and snow severed from the adjacent mountains, with a crack resembling a clap of thunder.

ELEPHANTS.

In an account of a journey lately performed by three English gentlemen, from Islamabad to Barrahcoon, they mention their mode of travelling as follows:—

We proceeded as far as Jaffrabad in our palanquins, but we here found the creeks so full of water, it being then the rainy season, we were obliged to relinquish that manner of conveyance, and applied to the natives to procure some elephants for us, which in about an hour they brought. Their keeper presented us with some plantains, and informed us that by giving them to the elephants we proposed to ride on, it would secure their friendship during our journey, and make them very careful of us in passing through the woods: we followed their advice and offered the fruits, which were very gratefully accepted by those animals, and they gave us a grand salute, with their trunks bent backwards on the top of their heads, and immediately after laid down, holding one of their legs up in the manner of a step, that we might with greater facility mount on their backs. After riding about eight miles we entered a cavity between two hills, and then came to a wood where we were surrounded by swarms of flies and other insects which began to be very troublesome, which the elephants no sooner observed than each of them with their trunk broke a branch of a tree, and continually kept fanning us with it, so that the flies could no longer annoy us. We were at first afraid that the elephants would shake us from their backs, but we soon lost our apprehensions, for they used the greatest precautions not to hurt us, and gently shook the branches over our heads, to keep the flies off, and when they had by thus fanning us, worn the leaves of the branch, they immediately broke a fresh one. We proceeded about four miles farther in the wood, and had not the elephants shown the utmost attention to our situation we must have been bruised and torn by the boughs of the different trees among which we rode.

Among the elephants which were sent to Madras with troops in the year 1781, under the command of the late Colonel Pearse, there was one whose keeper had been at times neglectful of, and had frequently pilfered the drams which were intended for the elephant during his march. Upon every such occasion the elephant discovered evident signs of anger and resentment, as if he was neither insensible of the negligence, nor ignorant of the malpractices of his keeper, but as the noble animal only continued to threaten, the man became wholly unmindful of him, and disregarded his threats. One morning the cattle were ordered to be mustered for review, and when the commanding officer, in going along the line, passed in front of the elephant, the animal roared out as if he wished to attract his attention; for when the eye of the Colonel was directed to him, he immediately laid hold of his keeper with his proboscis, put him under his feet, and instantly crushed him to death, then fell on his knees and saluted the Colonel, as if to beg his pardon. The singularity of this act induced Colonel Pearse to make an immediate inquiry respecting it, when he was informed that the elephant had been forced, contrary to his natural disposition, to inflict this punishment on his keeper, for the incorrigible neglect he had been guilty of, and the frauds he had so long practised on his daily allowance.

BULLOCKS.

In the kingdom of Thibet, (the northern boundary to the Mogul empire,) there is a species of cow, or bullock, different from those of any other country. It is of a larger size than the common breed, has short horns, and no hump on its back. Its skin is covered with white hair, of a silky appearance; but its chief singularity is its tail, which spreads out, broad and long, with flowing hairs like those of the tail of a beautiful mare, but much finer, and far more glossy. Two animals of this breed were sent to Mr. Hastings, in 1776, but they died before they reached Calcutta. These tails sell very high, and are used, mounted on silver handles, as brushes to chace away the flies; and no man of consequence, in India, Persia, and other kingdoms of the East, ever goes out, or sits in form at home, without two *chrotorabadars*, or brushers, attending him, with such instruments in their hands.

CUCKOO.

We have just seen a letter from Stafford, which mentions, that when the foster-parents

of the young cuckoo find themselves unable to supply the voracious appetite of their nursling, they procure the assistance of their neighbours of the same kind. It has been seen that one of these birds has been occasionally fed by above twenty titlarks. A pair of wagtails that had a young cuckoo, were observed for five days, and it was seen that only one pair were employed during the greatest part of the day; but early in the morning, and in the evening, from forty to fifty wagtails were counted, all employed in bringing food; no doubt all these birds had families of their own to provide for, yet charitably spared something every day for a distressed neighbour.

THE HUSBAND AND HIS TWO WIVES.

When a holy zeal to drive the infidels from Palestine, had seized all Europe, and the pious knights, bearing the badge of the cross, repaired in crowds to the east, Gleichen, a German Count also left his native land, and with his friends and countrymen went to Asia. Without describing his great and heroic achievements, suffice it to say, that the bravest knights of Christendom admired his prowess; but it pleased heaven to try the hero's faith. Count Gleichen was made prisoner by the infidels, and became the slave to a Muhamedan of distinction, who entrusted his gardens to Gleichen's care.

The unfortunate Count was now employed in watering violets and blue-bells, lilies and roses. The hero long endured the horrors of captivity; but all his sighs and vows would have been ineffectual, if a fair Saracen, his master's lovely daughter, had not begun to regard him with looks of the tenderest affection. Often, concealed beneath the veil of night, did she listen to his melancholy songs—often did she see him weep whilst praying, and her beauteous eyes were likewise suffused in tears. Modesty, the peculiar virtue of a youthful female heart, long prevented her from declaring her passion, or from intimating in any manner to the slave, how deeply she sympathized in his sorrows. At length the spark kindled into a flame, shame was silenced, and love could no longer be concealed in her heart, but poured in fiery torrents from her mouth into the soul of the astonished Count. Her angelic innocence, her blooming beauty, and the idea, that by her means he might perhaps be able to obtain his liberty—all this made such a powerful impression on his mind, that he forgot his wife. He swore eternal love to the beauteous Saracen, on condition that she would agree to leave her father and native land, and fly with him to Europe. Ah! she had already forgotten her father and her country. The Count was her all. She hastened away, brought a key, opened a private door leading to the fields, and fled with her beloved. The silence of night, which covered them with her sable mantle, favoured their flight. They arrived safely in the country of the Count. His vassals joyfully greeted their lord and father, whom they had given up for lost, and with looks of curiosity beheld his companion, whose face was concealed beneath a veil. On their arrival at the castle, the Countess rushed into his embrace. "My dear wife," said he, "for the pleasure of seeing me again, you have to thank her" pointing to his deliverer; "she has, for my sake, left her father and her native land." The Count covered his streaming eyes with his hands. The beauteous Saracen dropped her veil; and, throwing herself at the feet of the Countess, exclaimed "I am thy vassal!" "Thou art my sister," replied the Countess, raising and embacing her. "My husband shall be thine also; we will share his heart." The Count, astonished at the magnanimity of his wife, pressed her to his heart; all three were united in one embrace, and they vowed to love each other till death. Heaven blessed this threefold union, and the Pope himself confirmed it. The Count's habitation was the abode of peace and happiness, and he, with his two faithful wives, were after their death laid in one grave in the church of the Benedictine convent at Erfurth. It is covered with a large stone, on which the chisel of sensibility has represented them. Their tomb is still shewn by the monks, to the inquisitive traveller.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 125.]

CHAP. XVI.

Of the means of setting off the brilliancy of the Skin by the choice of Colours.

WE have seen in the preceding chapters what care it is necessary to bestow on the skin in order to embellish it, or to preserve its beauty; but it is not sufficient for the skin to be actually beautiful, it must likewise appear so: dress ought to heighten its lustre, or to disguise its want of that quality when rather too brown. This object is attained by the selection of colours employed in dress. These colours, when ill assorted, may totally eclipse the charms of the most beautiful carnation; when used with taste they may, on the contrary, enhance the attractions of a very inferior complexion. It is thus that a skilful painter sets off his figures by the colour of the grounds of his pictures; and if the choice of colours for these grounds is considered as a circumstance of the highest importance in painting, it may likewise be affirmed that the selection of colours for dress is highly essential for the exhibition of beauty in its full lustre. Coypel, a French painter and poet, has justly observed,

"Il est dans les couleurs de douces sympathies
"Qui, par un art divin doctement assorties,
"Savent charmer les yeux d'autant d'accords touchans,
"Qu'à l'oreille ravie en offrent les beaux chants."

It is then from the adaptation of colours that this enchanting harmony, this perfect concordance which charms the eye, ought to result.

If a colour appear beautiful in itself, that is not a sufficient reason why it should be made use of in dress, or adopted by all women. Any colour whatever may be adapted to certain persons, and be injurious to the beauty of many others. It is therefore necessary to chuse not the colour adopted by a tyrannical custom, but that which best suits the complexion, and agrees best with the other articles of dress with which it is intended to be worn.

It can scarcely be conceived how much the colour of a robe, or of a shawl, may heighten or destroy the beauty of a complexion, and how much the sex in general neglect so important a circumstance. Is white in fashion? all dress in white; is it black? they all exchange their white for that colour. Are yellow ribbons in vogue? all the women will wear them, and that without consulting either their own colour or complexion; it matters not to them whether they appear brown or pale, black or sunburnt, plain or handsome, or whether they have an engaging or repulsive countenance. Every consideration must yield to the fashion of the day; the great point is to be in the fashion; and to this tyrant of taste all advantages are sacrificed; women no longer consult their figure but the whim of the moment.

It is, nevertheless, true, that nothing contributes in a more particular manner to heighten the beauty of the skin than the choice of colours. Thus, to confine myself to general examples, females of fair complexions ought to wear the purest white; they should wear light and brilliant colours, such as rose, azure, light-yellow, &c. These colours heighten the lustre of their complexion, which, if accompanied with darker colours would frequently have the appearance of alabaster, without life and without expression. On the contrary, women of a dark complexion who dress in the above-mentioned colours, as we too frequently see them do, cause their skin to appear black, dull, and tanned; they ought therefore to avoid wearing linen or laces of too brilliant a white; they ought to avoid white robes, rose-coloured or light-blue ribbons, which form too disagreeable a contrast with their carnation; and if females of this description chance to be near a fair woman, they will scarcely be able to endure a neighbourhood so unpleasant. Let such persons, on the contrary, dress in colours which are best suited to them; of these I shall mention, in particular, green, violet, puce, blue, purple, &c. Let such women, I say, dress in colours which are so perfectly adapted to them, and then that darkness, which was only the effect of too harsh a contrast, will suddenly disappear, as if by enchantment: their complexion will become lively, animated, and will exhibit such charms as shall dispute, and even bear away the palm from the fairest of the fair. In

a word, the fair cannot be too careful to correct by light colours the paleness of their complexions, and dark women, by stronger colours, the somewhat yellow tint of their carnation.

Women of every complexion ought to pay attention to the use of colours. Azure is best suited to a pale tint, and the tender colour of the queen of flowers perfectly harmonizes with the roses of the face; but if the cheeks display rather too lively a carnation, then, sprightly shepherdess, chuse the beautiful livery of nature, and by this happy combination we shall be reminded of the charming Adonis,* whose elegant foliage is crowned with glowing vermilion.

Women should not only adopt such colours as are suited to their complexion, but they ought likewise to take care that the different colours which they admit in the various parts of their dress, agree perfectly together. It is in this that we distinguish women of taste; but how many are there that appear to pay no attention to this essential point! I meet every day, for instance, women who have a rose-coloured hat and a crimson shawl. Nothing is more harsh than the contrast of two colours of the same kind. If to these be added, as I have sometimes observed, a light-blue robe, the caricature is complete. It would be too long to enter into a detail of the colours which perfectly agree; for this it would be necessary to discuss the nature of colours, their harmony, their oppositions, &c. which would be too serious for a work like the present.

I must not omit a very important observation respecting the change of colours by the light. A female may be dressed with exquisite taste, and appear charming in the day time; but, at night, the effect is totally different, and this enchanting dress is quite eclipsed at the theatre or at the ball. Another is charming at night; her taste is extolled. Delighted with the praises, she resolves to shew herself abroad, and her toilette is detestable. To what is this owing?—To the choice, or the assortment of colours.

Thus crimson is extremely handsome at night, when it may be substituted for rose-colour which loses its charms by candle-light; but this crimson seen by day, spoils the most beautiful complexion; no colour whatever strips it so completely of all its attractions. Pale-yellow, on the contrary, is often very handsome by day, and is perfectly suited to persons who have a fine carnation; but, at night, it appears dirty, and tarnishes the lustre of the complexion to which it is designed to add brilliancy. I could adduce many other examples, but it would be difficult to specify all the particular cases; for all these effects depend on different circumstances, as we have already seen; for instance, on the complexion of women, on the greater or less vivacity of their carnation, on their stature, on the other colours employed in their dress, &c. I say, on the other colours employed in their dress, and insist on this remark; for any particular colour, which alone, or assorted with other suitable colours, would appear pleasing, is sometimes rendered ridiculous, unbecoming, or ungraceful by the contrast with others. Thus sometimes a female who yesterday appeared charming with a hat in an elegant taste, discovers to-day that she is no longer the same, though she has not changed her head-dress. The metamorphosis astonishes her; she finds fault alternately with her hat and her figure. But, my dear madam, neither your hat nor your figure is at all to blame, they have not undergone the least change. But why did I look so well yesterday?—Yesterday, madam, the colour of your dress perfectly agreed with that of your hat; to-day a new dress forms a contrast so harsh as to produce, if I may so express myself, an optical dissonance, as disagreeable to the eye as a false chord in music is to the ear. Put on the dress you yesterday wore, and cease to blame your hat or your charms, neither of which can be in fault.

It is this perfect adaptation of all the parts of dress, this harmonious choice of well assorted colours, that are the peculiar characteristics of women of refined taste; habituated to dress with propriety, they necessarily possess that delicacy of feeling and exquisite sense which admits nothing discordant.

But as I have treated of colours, why should I not say something concerning flowers, which exhibit them in the most brilliant variety. Are not flowers the most natural ornament of beauty? Is it not nature herself that still farther embellishes with her gifts the most perfect of her works? Does not she who decorates herself with flowers, find abundant ornaments without having recourse to art? Such were the lovely ornaments of the nymphs celebrated in the Greek mythology. The gentle and modest shepherdess, to use the words of Boileau,

" Aux plus beaux jours de fête
" De superbes rubis ne charge point sa tête

* A flower of the ranunculus genus.

"Et sans meler à l'or l'eclat des diamans,
"Cueille en un champ voisin ses plus beaux ornemens."

Amiable females, despise not the simple flowers of the field! The proud and opulent woman sometimes rejects with disdain these lovely children of nature; but notwithstanding the contempt of vulgar minds, nature has reserved for the flowers of the fields two charming thrones, the soft turf, and the bosom of the simple shepherdess.

Flowers recal so many pleasing ideas that a handsome woman adds to the illusion which surrounds her, when she admits to her toilette these charming children of spring.

I must not forget to notice in this place a singular whim of fashion. Some time since flowers were banished from dress; women despised the humble dark-blue violet, the sweet pansy so frequently emblematical, and the golden jonquil whose perfume so powerfully affects the senses; they disdained the lily of the valley, and the elegant jessamine, both of which agree so well with the delicate glow of the cheeks, and the scented narcissus whose curved stem seems still to represent the youth enamoured of himself, contemplating his image in the crystal of some limpid stream; they slighted the tufted anemone, the brilliant ranunculus, the auricula, whose velvet leaves glisten with silver dust, the variegated carnation, the aster, nay even the rose itself, the image of beauty. But what more charming objects had succeeded the flowers, which, when combined with the dress of the fair, excite such delicious ideas?—Shall I answer this question?—Grass, dog's grass, barley, wheat, &c. Happily the fashion was not of long duration, and the women returned to flowers, which they ought never to have quitted.

This reminds me of a circumstance of which I was an eye witness, together with many others, and which if it should occur a few times will perhaps prevent the re-adoption of that fashion. I one day met in the street a woman very elegantly dressed; she was passing close to a coach which had stopped at the door of a shop, when one of the horses turned open mouthed towards the lady, as if he was going to devour her. I hastened to her assistance, but when I came up to her my astonishment ceased. Her hat was adorned with a tuft of oats so acurately imitated that the famished animal had probably taken the well stored head-dress of the lady for a moving manger.

[*To be Continued.*]

THE MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

[*Continued from Page* 118.]

"SUCH a sleepless night as followed that evening, I had never before passed. Ah! my dear friend, nothing renders us so susceptible of an inextinguishable passion as a tumult of sensations, among which we are at a loss to draw the line between love and hatred. In this case, in proportion as hatred subsides love gains strength. But had I any reason for hating the stranger? How could I be offended with a person with whom I was unacquainted? Something, indeed, I had learned concerning him; and if what my brother had told me was not merely an unmannerly joke, the man, whom I had in my heart acknowledged that I could love, was not worthy of the slightest emotion of such a sentiment. When I reflected that this account might perhaps be true, I could not suppress feelings of indignation and even of aversion. If, thought I, pursuing these reflections, I have rightly understood my brother, this man is come to solicit my hand; and how can he know its value? As to my fortune, he may have been informed by my brother of the amount of that. His losses at the gaming-table are perhaps to be paid by his future wife. These conjectures, by which I felt myself deeply humbled, made a profound impression on my mind; I was ashamed of myself. With this sensation I fell asleep, but not till day-light. On awaking, some hours afterwards, I was perfectly ready to receive the stranger at breakfast, to which he was invited.

"My cheerfulness during the repast was such that it could not pass unnoticed. The stranger was already there before I entered the room. I slightly saluted him, joked with the rest, and behaved as if he had not been present. I was however desirous of knowing what impression this change made upon him. That I might have something to say to him, I asked if he was fond of music? This question roused my brother, who replied, that he played on the harpsichord better than I. We were

immediately called upon to try a sonata together; my guardian supported the proposal, and my hesitation was ascribed to false modesty. Thus was I seated at the harpsichord, arm to arm with the man whom I was persuading myself to hate, and was obliged to perform a part in the same piece with him. From playing we went to singing; we executed an Italian duet in such a style that my guardian, who was better acquainted with music than with the human heart, greeted us with a hearty bravo.

"The stranger staid long, and talked much. More than once I scrutinized him for the purpose of discovering whether there was any truth in what my brother had told me concerning him, and his looks, his words, and whole behaviour gave the lie to his report. In the animation with which he spoke he appeared to me still more handsome than the preceding day. When he left us for a few hours to take a ride with my brother, I regretted that my ignorance of the art of riding prevented me from being of the party.

"But I should never have done were I to pursue all the threads of the history of my attachment to this singular man. You may perhaps conceive how much he daily gained upon my affections, and what I felt when I thought I had discovered that I was an object of his continual attention. It was more than probable that he had not come without some reason; and if he were to solicit my hand, what was I to do? He was a Protestant, but of an ancient family, and very rich. My guardian and my brother seemed desirous of forming an alliance with his house. He was not more than twenty-four years old. The extraordinary endowments of his mind could not be doubted; and never was there a more perfect coincidence in sentiments and opinions than between him and me. But, thought I, what does all this signify if his manners are such as my brother describes? My scruples returned; I resolved not to love him till I was sure that he was a better man than my brother reported.

"What resolutions we form when we do not know our own minds! The stranger, who intended to remain with us only three or four days, had already prolonged his stay to eight. More than one *tête-a-tête* had improved our acquaintance; but neither myself, nor any of my friends, was precisely informed of his intentions. What at first excited my curiosity was no longer a secret, but I wanted to know still more. A painter on his travels had seen my portrait at the house of my deceased friend, Francisca, who related to him so much concerning the original, that he could not rest till he formed an acquaintance with me. With the impression produced by this acquaintance, with the account given him by my friend and my portrait, he prosecuted his travels. From him the stranger had learned what he knew concerning me before he met with my brother, and this it was that inspired him with the idea of accompanying the latter to our house. This solution of the enigma was sufficiently flattering to my vanity, but my heart continued unsatisfied.

"The week which we had persuaded our guest to stay with us, instead of the shorter time which he had at first proposed, had now become a fortnight. He went in and out as though he had been one of the family, but instead of declaring himself he grew more gloomy and reserved. At length, as I was one day walking with him, I asked what was the matter. He pressed my hand, and looked at me with eyes suffused in tears. I blushed. Neither of us spoke, and we continued our walk. The way led to our garden. We went at a good pace, and the rest of the company followed at a considerable distance. We entered the saloon in which he found us on the evening of his arrival. He loosed my arm, walked to and fro, and suddenly addressed me in these words:—'At that window you were standing the first time I looked at you to discover whether I might love you.' Unable to reply, I stood like a statue. He advanced close to me, and looking me full in the face, grasped both my hands, and said with deep emotion:—'Could you consent to be my friend?' I am so already; replied I, without knowing what idea I attached to the expression. He threw his arms about me; I felt the fire of his embrace.—'Ah!' exclaimed he, loosing me, 'that I had never known you!' He turned from me, and leaned with his face towards the window. I was going to leave the saloon; but hearing the noise of the door, he hastened towards me and earnestly intreated me to stay.

"I looked at him with astonishment. In a tone perhaps somewhat sarcastic, I said:—If you wish you had never known me, why are you so anxious for my company?—He looked first at the ground and then at me, at the same time grasping my right hand. He was evidently seeking an answer, but could find none. I endeavoured to disengage my hand, and thus proceeded:—You are an incomprehensible man; if you have any thing more to say, make haste, and come along with me. It will be more becoming if the company finds us in the garden.

"By this time he seemed to have recovered

himself. Stooping cordially to me, he said in a low voice:—' I see you to-day perhaps for the last time. I must therefore confess that I love you already more than I ought, and that I feel that my attachment would be unbounded if I were more intimately acquainted with your merits. I was unhappy when I came; I am much more so now that I am going. You cannot understand me, but if you could, I should at least have your pity.' When do you go? asked I, as though he had been about to leave me immediately. He was about to reply, when we heard the company coming. I collected myself as well as I could, but the agitation of all my senses was extreme.

When my friend, for by that name, I shall now call him, conducted me home, I walked by his side as silent as though it had been a funeral procession. It was not till I knew we were about to part that I felt the full force of my attachment for him.

" He supped with us, and staid till late. All my thoughts were absorbed by him, and I could observe that all his attention was occupied by me. With a warmth which he had never shewn in company, he kissed my hand at parting. Next morning a note was brought from him, informing us that a letter which he had found on his return to his lodgings, had obliged him to set out immediately to meet a friend, but that he hoped to see us again soon.

" In seventeen days (for I took good care to count them all) my friend returned. Upon his brow were seated a serenity and confidence which were communicated to me like the animating influence of spring. He mentioned the name of the place where he had been, but concealed that of his pretended friend. After we had wished him joy on his arrival, he told us that he had relinquished his intention of going to Vienna; and that his father had besides given him permission to spend the winter with us. A whole winter! thought I, exulting. If, as Rousseau thinks, it is possible to live a thousand years in a quarter of an hour, what an eternity will this winter be!

" Every thing in and about me was altered now that my friend appeared so A great change had taken place in him, that I was thoroughly convinced of; what kind of a one it was I hoped to learn in our next *tête-a-tête*. The first look with which he again saluted me, evinced that I was no loser by it.

" We soon had an opportunity of being alone together. He came to speak to my brother, who had gone out, and found me in his room, where I sometimes used to draw, because it was lighter there than in any other part of the house. I was going to rise: but he begged me to sit still, took a chair, seated himself beside me, made some observations on my drawing, and then hastened to the main subject. He told me that no friend had sent for him when he left us so suddenly, but he only wanted to be alone, that he might come to some fixed determination. All that he was at liberty to communicate to me respecting this determination was, that, at all events, whether fortune proved favourable to him or not, he would disclose to me the secret of his unhappy situation before he would venture either to offer me his hand, or to part from me for ever. It was not yet time for this; but before long perhaps circumstances might be changed. He conjured me, till the period should arrive when he could speak more plainly, to rely upon his sincerity and affection. He expressed himself with such frankness and animation, and in so decided a tone, that I was persuaded the motives on which he acted could not but be of an honourable kind. From that hour I conceived for him a regard which daily encreased, so that the anxiety of my love was absorbed in the confidence of friendship.

" The correspondence of our sentiments, of our tastes and distastes, was astonishing. His attention to procure me every little pleasure that he could, made him my constant companion. Not a trait in his conduct confirmed my brother's report of his levity and licentiousness. He complied with every thing that circumstances required; he took part in our balls and concerts; sometimes too he lost more money at play than he ought to have risked, but he was not passionately attached to any amusement of this kind. His greatest pleasure, as he himself said, was to be in my company, to converse, to read, or to play on the harpsichord with me. In company we appeared inseparable; where one was there the other was sure to be found: and as our love was ennobled into friendship, so our friendship spoke exactly the language of love.

" In the midst of these pleasures, however, there were moments in which I had a presentiment of what awaited me. Often, when he had just protested that he scarcely desired to be more happy, he would suddenly turn from me and conceal his face. If I asked him what he ailed, he would give me vague answers, and always referred me to that period when he should be at liberty to reveal his secret. He was still more frequently out of humour, absent, and unsusceptible of pleasure. I observed that his humour was governed by the post days, and that he was never so dull as when he had received letters.

"The happy winter was past; and with the commencement of spring my friend received from his father an injunction to return home. 'We must part,' said he to me, 'for three months; this is the latest term of my expectations. The die is cast, and I will now examine how it lies. In three months I will return, as sure as I love you.'

"I know not whether it was these words themselves, or the tone in which they were uttered, that shocked me like a prediction of misfortune. I was alarmed to find myself so near the goal which I durst not look at. Confounded as I was, I received his protestation, and asked pointedly, as if I knew more than I ought,—As sure as you love me *alone?* My friend turned pale, and was overwhelmed with silent embarrassment. A tear started into his eye; he seriously kissed my hand, and said in a tone that rent my heart:—'I thank you for asking.'

"What would I have given to have been able to recal my question! I had myself run upon the dagger which he had so carefully turned away from me. I had cheated myself in a moment of the three months which he intended to give me. Vexation with my unseasonable curiosity overpowered even the sense of my loss; and as we are always disposed to do injustice to others when we are desirous of effecting a reconciliation with ourselves, I drew my hand from him, and coldly said:—Then you have changed me for another?

"His feelings were deeply hurt; yet without the least acrimony he replied.—'I loved another before I knew you. Had she all at once become indifferent to me, still I should have been ashamed to sacrifice her to one more worthy; for she is an excellent girl, and is attached to me.'

"Thus was the proud fabric reared by my fancy levelled with the ground. I felt not how dear I was to him, but only that another participated in those affections which I wished exclusively to engross. Had he hated me I should, at that moment, have been better pleased. And yet how easy it was for him to justify himself when he again resumed, and pronounced his own condemnation. He protested that since he had become acquainted with me, he could not possibly be happy with his former friend, whom he still loved and esteemed, but whom he hoped to forget in my arms.

"Odious hope! exclaimed I; and doubly odious were I to contribute towards its accomplishment. Why did you not part from me, why did you not leave me before? 'Whither should I go?' said he affectionately.

"Whither? rejoined I; can there be a question about that.—Back to her to whom you have been inconstant. He shook his head. 'Shall I tell her of my inconstancy?'

"What reply I made I cannot repeat. Disputations of this kind always lead to the same point from which we set out, and our understanding is but too well disposed to think an injustice pardonable which is committed out of love to us by a man to whom we are attached. In order to silence me entirely, my friend added, that by a connection with my rival he should incur the displeasure of his father, and that he now entertained well-founded hopes of seeing her united to another. He well knew the weight which this last piece of information would have with me, and how much it would contribute to restore my tranquillity. I cannot deny that this intelligence respecting the first mistress of my friend had sunk her considerably in my opinion; but he, on the contrary, had raised himself in my esteem, by speaking of her with such respect. He seemed rather to waver between love and conscience than between love and love; his irresolution did him honour. I had no occasion to entertain any apprehension of a rival. With such like reasoning I lulled my sick heart to sleep, and knew not that I was playing with the mere phantoms of my imagination.

"My friend departed; and, with a fortitude that appeared strange even to myself, I looked after the carriage that removed him from me. Hope had dazzled my eyes and intoxicated my heart; he was now the subject of much conversation between me, my guardian, and my brother; and I learned, not without horror, that they both looked upon me as fully engaged to my friend, and already began to consider of the terms of the marriage-contract. I thought I had a right to enquire the reasons of such an over-hasty procedure. They laughed at me; I grew extremely grave, and assured them that I was every thing but engaged. And now conceive what I must have felt when I was informed that my friend had, the day after the unexpected explanation between us, formally demanded my hand of my guardian and my brother, and had obtained their consent.

"I was overwhelmed with astonishment and vexation. Undecided in what manner to obtain satisfaction, I waited till I should receive the first letter from my friend. It soon arrived, but inclosed in a letter to my guardian, and written in such a manner that he or any body else might have read it. I answered it in the same style, and received a similar reply, to which I returned no answer.

"Thus was I bereft of the pleasure I had expected from a correspondence fraught with truth and affection. My friend was too inexplicable for me to think of him any longer with complacency; and if I did not think of him the less on that account, still my attachment afforded me no satisfaction. I felt an imperious impulse to do something to shew that I was not made to perform merely a passive part in such matters as ours. To this humour I was perhaps indebted for the power to act on his return in such a manner as at least every woman would not have done in my situation.

"Before the expiration of two months I saw him again. He surprized us in the country, where we had been for some weeks. My guardian received him with transport, as though it had been the signal for the preparations for the wedding. I saluted him with politeness; my reserve did not appear to disconcert him. He looked at me several times, as if he had something to tell me. These looks I did not return; but I could not forbear observing him with such attention as if I had never seen him before. He no longer seemed to be the same person; his countenance displayed a certain wildness when, absorbed in thought, he looked on either side. In his gait there was an impetuosity, in his motions an irregularity, in his expressions a vehemence which I had never yet remarked. He laughed and joked with glee; and when his *bon-mots* and reflections had delighted the company, he would sink down and turn pale like one exhausted. He would then look at me with eyes replète with fervent melancholy, as if to implore me to be reconciled to him; after this he would follow me to speak to me alone, while for four days I contrived that he should not find an opportunity.

"We are soon tired of a part which the heart does not act along with us. I was at length unable to withstand the desire of knowing whether my friend still remained my friend, and therefore gave him an opportunity for a *tête-a-tête*.

"My guardian's country-house was situated near the Danube. The terraces of a garden which, on one side was laid out in the English taste, commanded a prospect of the glistening stream; there I seated myself after a walk with my friend, while my brother thought fit to leave us together, to amuse himself with the game-keeper.

'Thank God,' said my friend, 'that I have once more an opportunity of speaking to you. I have a great deal to tell you, and, in the first place, to beg your pardon.'

"Pardon? I replied; I knew not that you had done any thing which required pardon.

"He looked at me—'I have not wilfully offended you,' said he; 'I have done what was my duty; and in thus acting, have done violence to myself, and all—so sure as I am not deserving of your hatred—because I loved you. Not till I have acknowledged all my errors, not till you approve of the manner in which I intend to atone for them, will I seriously ask you whether you can resolve to be my wife.'

"Oh! said I, with respect to that question you obtained an answer two months ago from my guardian.

'Theresa,' he replied, 'you wish to punish me; and that because I did, from irresistible love to you, what I otherwise would not have done. But you ought not to judge me from fragments of my conduct. Hearken to my whole story, and then decide where I shall find rest, in your arms or in the grave.'

"After this introduction, I was obliged to promise my friend my whole attention, and would have given it without any such promise. I cannot repeat his narrative in his own words; I will relate the most material particulars as though I had been an eye-witness of what I know from him."

[*To be continued.*]

THE DUEL.

FAVELLE, an amiable young man, went from Montauban to Paris, to apply himself to the study of the physical sciences, especially anatomy, to which he was extremely partial. In that city he lived a regular life, was very assiduous, and gained the esteem of the most celebrated naturalists. A letter of recommendation procured him access to the family of Madame de Vineuil. The kindness with which that lady received him, and his love of society, caused him to cultivate very diligently the intercourse with this respectable family.

Madame de Vineuil was a widow of forty-eight. She had two daughters, one of whom was twenty, and the other eight years of age. Their fortune was inconsiderable, and all the mother's hopes of provision for her daughters centered in an only son who had been placed

in a commercial house at Nantes, and had expectations of being soon admited to a partnership in it. The young man's flattering prospects, which his good conduct, industry, and talents amply merited, tended to remove in a great measure the anxiety of the mother. Her way of life was simple and tranquil. The young Favelle became the bosom friend of this good family; he received a general invitation to their table, and frequently walked out with the two sisters in the Thuilleries; the mother considered him as her son who supplied the place of her absent child.

Favelle had, contrary to custom, been several days without visiting Madame de Vineuil, and went one morning with some young men of his acquaintance to the theatre, to see a new play. The public was divided in opinion on the subject; some thought the piece an execrable production, while others were as loud in its praise. Here they hissed, and there they clapped applause. The hissers cried that the clappers were paid; and the latter complained that a cabal was formed against the author. Favelle was against the play. A young man called out to him,—" Silence, silence! I beg you would be quiet." The noise grew louder; high words passed on either side, and the actors were almost compelled to drop the curtain.

When the play was over, the contending parties renewed the dispute in the lobby. Favelle's companions instigated him to resent the supposed affront, while others were using the same persuasions with his opponent. At last, after a long altercation, the latter declared that he was ready to fight. Favelle was the most moderate. With more temper than a hundred others would have shewn in his place, he turned to his antagonist and said to him:—" If we fight it will be of no advantage to any body. You assert that I have insulted you; it is possible that an unguarded word may have escaped me; but we were both in a passion, and both at least equally in fault."—" Ha! he retracts his words, he preaches, he is afraid,"—resounded from all sides. " No, gentlemen," said Favelle, " I am not afraid; and as little as I deem it a disgrace to be fond of life, so little do I tremble at the thought of death. Now, gentlemen, we must fight."—" Bravo!" cried the by-standers. " To-morrow then, at eight o'clock."

The seconds agreed that the two combatants should meet at a coffee-house in the *Champs Elysées*, and that they should fight with pistols. Favelle arrived first at the appointed place, firmly resolved not to fight. " Shall I," thought he, " for a mere trifle, in order to escape the ridicule of a few coxcombs, run the risk of being killed myself, or of murdering one who appears to be a well-bred man." This resolution was visible in his countenance, when the seconds (not two, as had been agreed upon, but ten) arrived. He attempted to speak; they whispered each other, and even said loud enough to be heard:—" He will not fight." This roused his resentment. He seized the pistol; the ground was measured, and they fired. Favelle remained unhurt, but his antagonist reeled aside, and fell dead, without uttering a word, in the ditch of one of the alleys; the ball had pierced his heart.

With a loud shriek Favelle threw away his pistol; and, notwithstanding the gentleness of his disposition, he bestowed the most vehement execrations on all the by-standers. The latter had some difficulty to prevail upon him to depart, promising not to leave his antagonist, but to try every possible means for his recovery. At length he quitted the fatal spot, and proceeded to the *Bois de Boulogne*; guilt and murder seemed to be stamped upon his features.

Here he met his landlord, M. Durand. The honest man had heard of the intended meeting. " God be thanked that I have met you," said he, " I may perhaps prevent an accident."—" Who speaks to me?"—" Your friend, who wishes to advise you for your good. Young man, listen to reason; would you fight for such a trifle; can a person of such a gentle, generous disposition as you, be guilty of such a folly? Perhaps I may prevent a great misfortune."—" Do you think you can?"—" Perhaps; be not carried away by a false point of honour, and risk not your life so wantonly."—" My life? by no means."—" Well, supposing you to be more dexterous and more fortunate than your antagonist, supposing he falls; would you, who deem it a happiness to save the life of a man, would you wish to kill him? would not your soul be for ever burdened with the guilt of murder?"—" O God!" yes." " Well then, do not fight. Rather say to your opponent,—I acknowledge that I was in the wrong."—" It is too late."—" Not yet; your antagonist——". " I have killed him." With these words the young man sunk senseless to the ground.

With difficulty Durand brought him again to himself; and after he had at length administered some consolation, he gave him to understand that it was necessary to employ precaution to avoid the consequences of this rencounter. It was agreed that Durand should go back alone; and that when it began to be dark, the young man should repair to Paris,

to the house of Madame de Vineuil, and keep himself concealed till his landlord should send word that he might return without danger to his own lodgings.

Accordingly he wandered till late in the evening in the most unfrequented part of the Bois de Boulogne, but solitude afforded no alleviation of his sorrows. Ten times was he tempted to throw himself into the Seine; and when at night, with faultering step, he proceeded towards the city, how he dreaded the observation of every person he passed! He shuddered at every watch-house, and was fearful of discovering in every man he met, one of the officious friends who had taken so much pains to make him a murderer. At length he reached the habitation of Madame de Vineuil, uncertain what to say to her, and whether he ought to relate to her his melancholy adventure or not.

He was admitted. The eldest sister, in tears, came to meet him, exclaiming—"O! M. Favelle; my brother, my unfortunate brother is killed."

The reader may conceive the painful presentiments which harrowed the soul of the unhappy youth. A cold perspiration bedewed his brow; he started back, and would have quitted the house; but instead of that, unconscious of what he did, he went into the next room. As the door opened, he beheld the corpse of his opponent extended on a sofa. The weeping mother embraced the knees of her murdered child; the younger sister in speechless sorrow contemplated in silence the pallid face of her beloved brother.

Favelle, as if thunderstruck, attempted to retire, but was detained by the mother and daughter "Alas! my brother!—my son!"—resounded in his ears. "Killed too for a mere trifle, for a word! He did not wish to fight; he wanted to make up the quarrel. He was urged on, ridiculed, and pains were taken to inflame his resentment."—"He was your friend, though he did not know you," added the sister. "How he rejoiced at the thoughts of seeing you!"

His senses almost forsook the unhappy murderer. His features, distorted by anguish and despair, evinced the agony which tortured his soul. The fearful confession trembled upon his lips; but when he opened them for utterance, it was transformed into an inarticulate cry of horror. At this sight, gloomy suspicions seized the mother and the sisters.—With a voice which did not seem like that of a human being, he at length exclaimed:—"I, I am his murderer." He departed, and the weeping females again sunk down upon the corpse of the beloved youth.

He had arrived at Paris the evening before to surprize his family with the joyful intelligence, that the house, whose concerns he had hitherto conducted, had given him a share in the business, and that he was now in a condition to provide for his sisters. The joy of the whole family was so great, that they longed to see Favelle, to communicate to him this welcome information. The young Vineuil testified an extraordinary desire to become acquainted with the friend of his house, and had sought him in vain on the very morning of the unfortunate duel. Had he met with him, it is easy to conceive that the issue of this affair would have been extremely different.

A VIEW OF MODERN PARIS,

WITH A GLANCE AT THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY AND OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS IN THAT CAPITAL, IN A LETTER FROM AN ANGLO-AMERICAN RESIDENT THERE.

Mr. Editor,

You have earnestly requested me to give you some general ideas upon the present state of society in Paris, and I shall proceed to gratify you as well as my limited ability and restricted observation will allow.

In reply to your question upon the present state of the national character of the people, I will observe, that they are not, generally speaking, so urbane and alluring in their manners, as they were twenty-two years since, when you and I first visited that metropolis. From a gay, frivolous, and foppish community, they are metamorphosed into a serious, plain dressing people, whose manners are, comparatively, repulsive, and sometimes verging upon brutality. Those dreadful excesses which were perpetrated during the stormy periods of their revolution, have roughened their deportment, and stifled the gentler qualities of their hearts: in their endeavours to imitate John Bull, they have assumed his bluntness, with-

out the accordant sincerity of his nature.—Every thing here is externally *Anglicised*: the dress of the men and women is altogether in the English mode; you must recollect that I am speaking of the capital, and not of the provinces, where the habits of the people are nearly the same as heretofore. Such an animal as a *petit-maitre* is very rarely to be seen, yet the principle of a coxcomb is not wholly extinguished, as it is frequently visible in young men, who use spectacles and optical glasses in public, without any imperfection in the visual organs. In the breed and management of their horses they are much improved, and great encouragement is given by the French government to this material point of social improvement. All persons of either sex, who have any pretensions to fashion, ride in the English manner; the ladies on side-saddles, and the gentlemen in close boots; the enormous jack-boot, which we formerly thought so ridiculous, is now abolished, or confined to the postillions of the heavy diligences, or the couriers of the government.

In the ceremonies and pleasures of the table, the French are not much changed, except that they admit more natural, or unsophisticated, dishes at dinner than formerly, and dine at a later hour in the day. They have their pottage, bouilli, roast meats, ragouts, entremets, cakes, fruit, coffee, and liqueurs; taking each about four or five glasses of wine before the introduction of the coffee; and when they have drunk the liqueur, the whole party separates, to prepare for the further duties or amusements of the evening. It is not the custom of France, as it is in England, for the ladies to withdraw into a saloon, while the gentlemen enjoy (as they phrase it) the bottle; for your Gallic neighbours very properly believe, in this instance at least, that no enjoyment can be heightened by the absence of beauty, and that the delicate authority of female influence keeps the ruder passions in subordination.

In answer to your question about the present state of female morals in this capital, I am compelled to observe that they are in a state of great relaxation, not only here, but almost in every part of France that I have visited; and, indeed, the ceremony of marriage had become of little weight, from the ease and irresponsibility with which its holy ordinances were eluded or subverted by either of the contracting parties. Divorces were obtained upon the most trivial pretexts, but the government have instituted an examination into the abuses of the sacred obligations of wedlock; and it is probable that divorces will not be obtained in future but upon a basis of serious necessity. Before any person can marry now in France, their names are exhibited by the magistrate in a conspicuous part of the town-hall, or hotel de ville, of the place where they reside, in order that all persons interested may have an opportunity to forbid the union, upon proper and well-founded representations: after that ordeal, they are formally contracted and registered by the magistrate, and then publicly married by their respective priests, in the cathedral, church, or chapel, to which they may belong.

The police of Paris is, I believe, the most comprehensive establishment of that nature that was ever formed in any nation. I cannot give you a detailed, but I will give you a brief idea of its power, privileges, and effect.

The office of the general police is upon the Quai Voltaire, where four counsellors of state work every day with the minister of the police, and are charged with the necessary correspondence of the office. The prefecture of the police is situated in the court of the palace of justice, where the prefect gives public audience every Monday at noon, to receive the lesser order of complaints. The general police of Paris maintains a vigilant correspondence with all the departments of the French empire, and its orders are enforced with a promptitude that is astonishing. When an alien arrives at a port, or frontier town in France, he delivers his passport to the secretary of the mayor, who retains it; and after demanding his occupation, and the name of the place to which he is travelling, he gives the stranger another passport, in which his age and person are accurately described. Upon this official warrant he travels, in a direct line, to the destined place, where he presents himself to the police, and finds his original passport deposited: here he receives a formal permission from the government to reside for a specified period; and, at his departure, he receives his original passport, which enables him to leave the French empire without molestation. All persons who reside in Paris, or any other city in France, are not permitted to change their hotel, or lodgings, without informing the police of their removal, and receiving a new warrant; nor can any *maitre d'hôtel* admit you as a lodger in his house, without informing the police also; as, in case of non-performance, he would be liable to very serious pains and penalties. I think I see your generous nature revolt at such instances of despotism, which are so opposite to the benign spirit of the British constitution, and as unnecessary

as disgusting to the loyal disposition of a British subject.

Paris is surrounded by *barrieres*, or gates, which are connected with each other by high walls or strong fences; and it is impossible to pass through these, at any time, without being liable to a strict personal examination, so that no criminal can escape but with great difficulty; and in some solitary instances, where they have contrived to elude the vigilance of the metropolitan police, they have been eventually arrested at the frontier towns, by means of the telegraphic dispatches.

It is also at these gates where they collect the tax called *l'octroi*, which is a species of excise.

All the coachmen, watermen, drivers of chaises, porters, &c. of Paris, receive a number from the police, which they conspicuously wear; and by this measure they are continually liable to punishment for any species of abuse or extortion which they may practise on a native or stranger, in their several vocations: but this species of necessary regulation is confined to the capital, as, in the departments, a foreign traveller experiences as much extortion and indecency of language, as in any other community on earth.

There is also a military police, which has its office on the Quai Voltaire, subordinate to the disposition of the minister.

It is asserted, that such a system of *espionage* is kept up in Paris, and all the great towns, that the leading points of conversation in coffee-houses, taverns, theatres, &c. are known to the government; and, when necessary, the declaimers also: but I never saw a direct proof of this assertion, nor indeed any check upon conversation, but what discretion might suggest in any country.

As to the *Musée Napoleon*; or, Napoleon Museum, it is impossible to convey to you any idea that would be adequate to the impression which this precious collection of all that is great, rare, and fine in art, so forcibly makes upon any observer who has been refined by education. The *chef-d'œuvres* of painting and sculpture, all that remains in preservation of the works of the inimitable Greek sculptors; those breathing marbles which embellished the temples of Athens and Rome, and before which the ancient world bowed, in a spirit of piety as to the images of their gods, and in a spirit of enthusiasm as to the semblances of their heroes, are collected and placed in the saloons of the Louvre; those pictures which ornamented the Vatican of Rome, and the gallery of the house of Medici, with those exquisite altar-pieces which the divine Raffaello executed; the St. Jerome, by Guido; the illustrations of the Christian faith, by Titian, Rubens, Dominichino, Morillo, Leonardo da Vinci, N. Poussin, Le Brun, the Caracci, &c. are here associated in one vast display of all perhaps that is attainable by human genius. The eyes of the curious are at first pleasingly fatigued with this sudden burst of imitative radiance. The objects of fascination are too numerous for any to be enjoyed rationally, until the perturbation of astonishment has ceased, and the senses begin their appeal to the judgment, upon the respective excellence of each production of the pencil of art.

The *Musée des Monumens François*, or collection of French monuments, is in the Rue Petits Augustins, and deposited in the house of that religious order. These venerable remains were chiefly brought from the royal abbey of St. Denis, which was pillaged during the revolution. They are now arranged in order, and form a representation of the state of sculpture in France, during the several ages in which these sepulchres were made.

It is impossible to survey these frail memorials of human grandeur, without feeling sensations of a very melancholy tendency; here some royal dust of the house of the Capets reposes in a state of sequestration from its relative atoms, and removed from that spot where it was originally deposited and hallowed under the blessing of the church. The monarch, the statesman, the warrior, and the poet, are commingled in a sort of unison with time, but not with each other. Here the meditative wanderer sighs amidst mutilated busts, dishonoured statues, and columns of alabaster, jasper, and porphyry; with correspondent vases, in which, perhaps, the hearts of innocence and beauty were inclosed. On the tomb of the first Francis, you trace the features of that generous Prince, whose example polished society, and whose liberality softened learning, wisdom, and genius. You see the splendid tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, who appears to domineer even in his dust—of the houses of Valois, Montmorenci, and Rochefoucault, *cum multis aliis*, who appear to remind us of what they have been, and as so many silent monitors to vanity—Turenne, Descartes, Colbert, Montansier, Voltaire, Helvetius, and Mirabeau, with Piron, the Aristophanes of France, whose satirical spirit exists in his epitaph:—

> *C'y git Piron, qui fut rien,*
> *Pas même Académicien!*

> Here lies Piron, who was nothing,
> Not even an Academician!

This depository is open to the public every Thursday and Sunday.

The finest garden of Athens was called Keramikos, or the Tilery, taking its name from a tile manufactory which occupied the place on which they had formed it; and they have named the magnificent palace of the Thuilleries at Paris from a similar situation.

On the assumption of authority by Napoleon, he made the Thuilleries the seat of government, and by his orders it has since been considerably improved: the interior is sumptuously decorated: he has re-established the chapel, and a theatre is now erecting within its walls. The new works and arrangements are distinguished by taste and magnificence: the hall of audience for the ambassadors, of the privy council, &c. are decorated with appropriate embellishments. During the visit which Pius the seventh made to Paris, to consecrate Napoleon, his holiness inhabited that part of the palace which is called the Pavilion of Flora. It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bonaparte did not suffer the Pope to crown him at this ceremony; although such an action would have been deemed the very summit of honour by all precedent Catholic sovereigns; when the Pope had given his benediction to the imperial diadem, and approached with it, in solemn dignity, up the steps of the temporary throne in the cathedral of Notre Dame, this extraordinary character rose, and, taking the crown briskly from the holy father, placed it confidently on his own head.

The gardens of the Thuilleries were planned by the celebrated Lenostre, and evidently partake of the false taste of the age in which he lived; but they are progressively improving every month under the auspices of the present court. In the front of the palace they are raising a triumphal arch to commemorate the victories of the Emperor; on the top of which his statue is to be placed in a car, drawn by the four celebrated bronze horses which heretofore decorated St. Mark's, at Venice. The parade which runs between this martial monument and the palace, is enclosed with iron rails, and without is the Place Carrousel.

It is ordered by Napoleon that all the intermediate streets between the Carrousel and the Louvre shall be demolished, and that another gallery, corresponding with the gallery of the Louvre, which extends from the palace of the Thuilleries to the palace of the Louvre, shall be built, with an open arcade. The ultiminate intention of this order, is to form a vast parade, on which the Emperor may be enabled to pass in review a body of troops to the amount of one hundred thousand men, comprehending cavalry and infantry!

The palace of the Louvre is, beyond contradiction, the most elegantly constructed building in Paris.

It is now undergoing a thorough repair, after being suffered to decay in neglect for a century and a half. When wholly repaired, it will be consecrated to the arts and sciences.—The museum of pictures will continue to occupy the great gallery; that of statues will be much enlarged. The imperial library will be removed from the Rue Richelieu to this place. The cabinets of medals, antiques, and prints, will fill the upper apartments; and the rest of this superb palace will be dedicated to the reception of any curious specimens of art and taste which may appertain to the nation.

In the interior of the Hotel des Invalides, are seen the sword of the great Frederick of Prussia, with the busts of Condé, Turenne, [illegible]xe, Dessaix, Kleber, Dugommier, &c.

It is from the front court of the Invalids, that they occasionally make those discharges of artillery which signify the successes of the French armies to the people of Paris.

The bridges of Paris are numerous; I shall only mention those which have been lately built.

Le Pont des Arts, or the Bridge of Arts, was thrown over the Seine in 1804: the foundations are of stone, and the superstructure of cast-iron; it is the first bridge of this kind which has been made in France. It is situated between the centre of the palace of the Louvre, and the college of the Four Nations, on the opposite bank of the Seine. Each foot-passenger (as no carriage can pass) pays one *sol*: it is ornamented on each side with orange trees, citrons, lilies, roses, &c. which perfume the air while you walk or sit, as there are chairs provided for those who choose to enjoy the summer breezes in this enchanting situation.

Le Pont d'Austerlitz, or the Bridge of Austerlitz (thus named in commemoration of the battle which was fought between the Emperors of Russia, Austria, and France, near that town), is likewise made of cast-iron. It connects the Boulevards of Bourbon, with the Boulevards of the Garden of Plants, and by this means forms a circular road around Paris.

They are now building another bridge of stone, which leads from the middle of the Champ de Mars, to the great road between Paris, St. Cloud, and Versailles.

They have nearly seventy fountains at Paris, some of which are supplied from the waters of

the Seine, and the others from the water of Arcueil.

The present government of Paris is augmenting the number of fountains in every direction, which is an improvement of the highest importance, as it promotes the cleanliness of the city, and the health of its inhabitants. As the Parisians have not the same advantages resulting from water-works as the Londoners enjoy, they are compelled to resort to the supply of public fountains, which is the best substitute their situation will afford.

Le Jardin des Plantes, or botanical garden of plants, is an assemblage of all the plants, exotic and indigenous, which it has been in the power of the professors to collect. This establishment was begun under Louis XIII. by Guy de la Brosse, his physician, who received every possible encouragement from the ministers Mazarine and Colbert. In 1640, he gave the first public lecture on botany, and soon after this garden assumed the title of *Hortus Regius*, or royal garden. In 1739, the king named Leclerc de Buffon president; and it was under the superintendance of this great and learned man, that the garden of plants became the richest collection of minerals and vegetables in Europe. M. Buffon neglected nothing in his attempts to methodize this important study, for which he has been called the French Pliny. Pliny had made a comparative scale between men and beasts, in which the advantages remained with the latter; but Buffon raised man to his proper glorious eminence, in a work which will eternize his name.

In the amphitheatre of this charming and interesting place, lectures on botany, chemistry, anatomy, and surgery, are delivered by professors, on terms at once liberal and encouraging to the students of all nations.

In the upper part of the garden there is a superb collection of subjects of natural history, which is opened for the inspection of the Parisians, every Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday, in the evenings; but this collection is not equal to what the Leverian Museum was in London, before the negligence of the nation suffered it to be dispersed and destroyed.

In the higher part of the garden, which consists of forty acres, they have an aviary for birds of every species, and near it a menagerie for foreign beasts of the tame kind. At the lower end of the garden there is a collection of ferocious animals, which are likewise exhibited to the public, on the same days, proper persons being appointed by the government to explain the objects and preserve decorum.

The *Palais de Tribunat* was formerly celebrated under the name of the *Palais Royal*. The palace was built by Cardinal Richelieu, in 1636, and was then called *Le Palais Richelieu*; but falling into the possession of the crown by the will of the cardinal, Anne of Austria came to inhabit it with Louis the XIV. from which event it received the name *Palais Royal*, or the royal palace. At the death of Louis XIV. it passed into the family of Orleans, who occupied it until 1794. The late duke caused the formation of those superb arcades, galleries, and gardens, which are the admiration of all the world. In 1802, they fitted up here the hall for the sittings of the Tribunate, from which it derives its present designation.

This seducing place is to Paris what Paris is to the Continent, the centre and focus of luxurious accommodation. Here the arts are multiplied in endless succession; the painter, the engraver, the modeller, the watchmaker, the enameller, the milliner, the perfumer, the chemist, the optician, the feather-maker, &c. exert every nerve, and exhaust every artifice to attract the gazing passenger; and make even the miser undraw his purse-strings in trembling extacy, to purchase some brilliant bauble, which his understanding might scorn, when reflecting on the real wants of man.

From the going down of the sun till midnight, this place seems like the high fair of vanity; our ears are saluted with music of every kind: the coffee-houses are filled with noisy politicians, who affect to predict and regulate the destiny of kingdoms, whilst they are unassured of a dinner on the ensuing day. The *beau monde* parade in garish ostentation, solicitous merely to be seen, and not to see. The variegated lamps, in fanciful confusion, dazzle the senses; while the painted daughters of Venus encircle you with smiles and meretricious argument to lead you to their bowers, where pleasure beckons at the gate, and repentance terminates the scene.

In the cellars, or subterraneous saloons, you are entertained with conjurors exhibiting their deceptive arts, negroes beating the tambourin, dancing girls, tumbling boys, ventriloquists, and dramatic exhibitions, not of the first class, it may be supposed; but they previously claim our indulgence, by the following apt motto:—*Jugez nous par notre zele, et non par le talent*"—" Judge us by our zeal, and not by our ability;" which is a modest intimation, that might suit other theatres as well as the minor spectacles in this place.

In the galleries of this palace, we find people busied at billiards, cards, and every game of skill and hazard, by which the wily adventurer who is unincumbered with a patrimony,

can raise a fund; but it is generally at the expence of young gentlemen, who think that candour consists in expression, and honour in appearances; and who discover eventually there are but two parties who play, viz. those who *will* win, and those who *must* lose!

The libraries of Paris, are well furnished. The principal is the Imperial library in Rue Richelieu, which is open to the public every Tuesday and Friday, and to men of letters every day. King John collected the first elements of this library. Charles V. methodised and added to it, but it became considerable under the great Colbert, who caused this building to be raised, for the purpose of augmenting it, and giving it an air of national dignity. They have preserved here the original letters of Henry IV. to La belle d'Estrées, and some MSS. of Louis XIV.

Besides this there are the libraries at the College Mazarine, the library of the Institute, and the library of the Arsenal, all of which are open to the public.

I forgot to notice that the Imperial library has been much enlarged by the present Emperor, who has enriched it with a great number of valuable MSS. and books brought from conquered nations.

There are twenty-four theatres at Paris, and they are all crowded on holidays, and particularly on Sundays. As it is indispensable to give the Parisians much novelty, these theatres are supplied by a legion of authors, amounting (in 1804) to two thousand one hundred and forty-two; comprehending tragic and comic poets, melodramatists, monodramatists, vandevillists, parodists and pantomimists. Some of their pieces are so successful as to draw full houses for one hundred and fifty nights, in a season, although the vast majority soon sink into oblivion. The pieces are approved, or rejected, by a literary committee of three censors, appointed by the government, who are unconnected with the parties: nor is it in the power of a manager to cashier a performer of merit, without an appeal to these commissioners. When an actor or actress of celebrity becomes superannuated, they are pensioned by the government, who properly think, that those who have contributed to the public pleasures, should be sustained, in the decay of nature, by public gratitude.

Théatre François, or French theatre, is now in the rue Richelieu, or, according to the republican nomenclature, *Rue de la Loi*. This dramatic establishment, which is the most classical of its kind in France, began at the *Hotel Bourgogne*, rue Mauconseil, in 1548. The great Moliere belonged to it in 1650. They act here the most finished productions of the Gallic Muse, which are not, at this period, in a state of enviable perfection. I saw here several new historical dramas, fraught with such anachronisms as a school-boy might correct. The performers, in general, possess merit; but we look in vain, among their dramatic authors, for any equal to the distinguished writer and orator, who is one of the chief ornaments of the British senate.

Académie Imperiale de Musique, or imperial musical academy, is in the middle of the same street. This magnificent establishment is somewhat similar to your Opera-house, with this essential difference, that the operas of Paris are given in the vernacular tongue, whilst those of London are in Italian: so that the former are understood by all the auditors, and the latter by not more than one in a hundred. They have the good sense to prefer the Italian and German music to the French, which is commonly contemptible, with the exception of the productions of Gretry, and a few other composers. But the opera of Paris, like that with you, is only a secondary object with the public, as it is the excellence of the ballets, or dances, which attract their notice; and, as the superiority of the French, in dancing, remains uncontested, I shall merely observe, that Vestris, whom we remember to have been recognised as "the God of Dance," is now shorn of his beams, by another capering deity yclepcd Duport.

The first appearance of Signora Catalani in Paris, was at this theatre; and on the night appropriated for her benefit, all the tickets for the boxes were sold at the enormous price of six *louis d'ors* each. The imperial family was present, and the house was very full.

Opera Comique National, is in the Passage Feydeau. It is on this theatre where they exclusively act such national operas as are correspondent with your "Love in a Village," "Inkle and Yarico," &c.

Théatre Louvois, or *Théatre de l'Imperatrice*, is in rue de Louvois. The remnant of the Italian comedians are allowed to perform at this place, twice in each week.

Théatre Vaudeville, rue de Chartres.

Théatre Montansier, is situated under the galleries of the Palais du Tribunat, and was formerly called *le Théatre de Beaujolais*, in compliment to the Orleans family. Here they perform operas, and minor comedies.

Théatre Olympique, rue de la Victoire.

Théatre de la Porte Saint Martin, is on the Boulevard St. Martin. The grand opera of Paris was formerly performed at this theatre,

where I saw the splendid *Tarare* of Beaumarchais, acted before the royal family of Louis the Sixteenth, about twenty-two years ago.

Théatre de la Gaieté, is on the Boulevard du Temple; this is the most ancient and most perfect of the theatres, where they perform sentimental pieces.

Théatre de L'Ambigu Comique, is on the Boulevard du Temple.

Théatre de la Cité.—This is a new theatre, built during the revolution, on the spot where once stood the church of St. Bartholomew; which was demolished by the Parisians, for the abhorrence which they bore to the name of that saint, under whose auspices the cruel murders of Coligny and the other Protestants began. It is situated immediately opposite to the Palace of Justice.

Théatre des Danseurs Voltigeurs, is on the Boulevard du Temple. Here they tumble, and dance on the slack and tight rope.

Theatre des Jeunes Comediens, is in the Jardin des Capucines, or Garden of the Capuchin Convent.

Théatre des Ombres Chinoises, is in the Palais du Tribunat.

Théatre Metanique, is in the rue Neuve-de-la-Fontaine. This is an exhibition somewhat similar to the *Eidophusicon*, which was given in London about fourteen years ago. They represent the rising and setting of the sun, the effects of a storm by sea and land, &c.

The prices of admission are, in general, one-third less than in London.

[*To be continued.*]

A DIPLOMATIC ACCOUNT OF PETER THE GREAT AND HIS COURT.*

I HASTEN to obey the express orders of your highness, by giving you some account of the way in which the Czar governs his empire, his manner of living, his tastes and habits. I shall speak of him with truth and impartiality, and above all things adhere to what I have myself witnessed.

Your highness is not a stranger to the state of Russia, previous to the reign of Peter; you are acquainted with the violent measures which his predecessors had adopted to maintain it in that state, and the rigorous punishments which were inflicted on those subjects who dared to travel beyond its frontiers. Peter, who thought differently, took exactly the opposite path. He permitted the Russians to visit foreign countries, and gave them himself the example. During his travels, he associated with statesmen, warriors, artists, and in short, learned men of every description; from this he gathered much knowledge, which, aided by the counsels of Lefort and Patkul, fitted him to give Russia a new form of government. The measures he enforced will make him ever be considered as an accomplished sovereign, a skilful general, and a faithful, generous, and benevolent friend. After having perused my account, your highness will decide whether the Czar be not deserving of all these titles.

Peter is tall, and of a well proportioned figure; his complexion is very animated, his eyes announce genius, and a determined character; his teeth are white and regular, and his hair, curled by the hand of nature, is of a chesnut brown. His countenance is agreeable, and bears testimony to the candour and goodness of his heart. He speaks kindly to every one, and the smile ever ready to play upon his lips wins universal admiration. On his return from Holland, he commonly spoke the language of that country; but since he has improved himself in the German by his frequent conversations with the officers of that nation, he seems to prefer their language to all others. The Russian is almost totally banished from his court; it is very seldom that the Czar expresses himself in it; and his example being a kind of law for his subjects, the German language has for some time made a very great progress in Russia.

The Czar is of an uniformly robust constitution; he has always sought to strengthen it by fearing neither cold nor heat, wind nor rain, snow nor ice. Nature seems to have

* This piece is extracted from a German periodical work, entitled *Constantinople and St. Petersburg*, the editors of which give it as having really been written by a German minister on a diplomatic mission to the Czar's court. They pledge themselves for its authenticity, and declare that they have only modernised the language. We are aware that some of the anecdotes which it contains, are already known; but their being united in so small a compass, and their authenticity have rendered them in our opinion worthy of being communicated to our readers.

formed him to resist the greatest fatigue, and he sleeps more comfortably in his tent than in his palace at Moscow. From this proceeds the equanimity of his temper, and that gaiety which rarely forsakes him, and which gains him so many friends. When he gives audience to a numerous assembly, he is not for an instant inattentive. He does not take offence at being addressed with a certain degree of boldness, nor at being asked questions, even when they interrupt a conversation. He cannot exist without society; thus his court follow him almost every where. I had been told in Germany, that he disliked to be surrounded with strangers, but I have found this to be precisely the reverse.

Magnanimity is the most prominent feature of his character; he regards passion as a weakness, and struggles to stifle it whenever he feels himself assaulted by it. I one day heard him say, "It is true, I very sensibly feel an injury, but I never meditate revenge." —"My enemies," added he also, "wish to make me be thought a barbarian, but let us have patience, and I will justify myself in the eyes of the whole universe."

Nothing can better prove the generosity of his mind than the manner in which he treated his prisoners of war after the battle of Pultawa. He restored to the generals and officers not only their swords, but their accoutrements and their servants, and on receiving their parole, allowed them to return home. He caused the soldiers to be commodiously lodged in towns, where they were taken the greatest care of. He granted his esteem, and even his friendship to many of these prisoners, and amongst the rest, to Marshall Rheinschild, whose sword he boasts of wearing.

The Prince of Wirtemburg having been wounded and taken prisoner in this battle, the Czar caused as much attention to be paid him as to himself. He was in a fair way of recovering, when being very desirous of taking the air, he quitted his chamber too soon, experienced a relapse, and died. The Czar, who was well acquainted with his valour, and had been desirous of winning him over to his service, was affected to tears on learning his death.

After this same battle, in which all the Swedish army were forced to capitulate, Peter heard that Charles the Twelfth had resolved to save himself by swimming across the Dnieper; and immediately sent an express to dissuade him from this perilous undertaking. The following is the substance of the message, as the person charged with it related it to me: "Peter earnestly intreats the King not to expose his sacred person to so imminent a danger. He pledges his honour that he will give him the best reception in his power, and have him escorted in safety to any part of his state. He advises him above all things not to throw himself into the hands of the Tartars, from whom he has every thing to fear." But when the courier arrived at the borders of the Dnieper, the Swedish monarch had already passed the river.

One day the Czar was shewn a picture, which represented a lion trampling on the Russian eagle. It was supposed that he would become furious at the sight of this allegory; but, on the contrary, he calmly looked at it, and inquired the name of the artist. On learning it, he replied, "let it be returned to him, that he may alter it after the battle of Pultawa." Another time a medal was given to him, on which was the head of the King of Sweden on the one side, and on the other two columns in ruins, with these words, *Concussit utramque*, alluding to himself and the King of Poland. The Czar, in my presence, passed it round to several of his courtiers, and contented himself with remarking, that the King of Sweden had reckoned without his host. I have never heard him speak unfavourably either of this prince or his troops; but on the contrary, he bestowed on them the greatest praises. "The Swedes," said he, "are a brave people; but they had too much pride, and God has thought proper to punish them."

The Czar has been accused of tyranny: it is true, that he treated a great part of the Russian nobility, some years since, with an inflexible rigour. But, notwithstanding this measure, I still maintain that his character is far from cruel. Peter did nothing but what every sovereign would have done in his place. Must he, who holds the sword of vengeance, grant life to those subjects who have conspired against him?

The Czar sets no value on luxury or refinement in the comforts of life; on the contrary, the plainest food pleases him best; and he is right, for the perfidious art of cookery, carried to a high pitch, cannot fail of destroying the most robust constitutions. Large entertainments are insupportable to him. He has left to the Prince Menzikoff the office of entertaining foreigners, for which he makes him a very considerable allowance. Sometimes the Czar will make one in these parties, which are of the most sumptuous and costly nature. It is reported in Germany, that Peter is fond of liquor, and that he is often seen inebriated. I cannot deny but that he sometimes drinks a great deal; but I never saw him intoxicated, although I have narrowly watched him at

more than one entertainment. On the contrary, I must say, that however he may be able to support much wine, he has a great dislike to those who pride themselves on being able to do the same. It is between meals that he drinks the most, because he speaks so much during the day, that he stands in need of some refreshment. His sideboard is always covered with refreshments of every kind, for his visitors, whenever they choose to ask for any thing.

The Czar observes the greatest simplicity in his dress. Neither gold nor silver are seen to ornament it; but the utmost cleanliness always distinguishes him. His coats are cut according to the German fashion, with Swedish cuffs, and round his waist he wears a belt, embroidered in gold. He has given the preference to the hat instead of the bonnet. He dislikes magnificence on his own person, but he likes to see it on his ministers and generals.

Gambling has no attraction for him, and I have never seen him hold a card. Chess is the only game he ever plays, perhaps on account of its offering to his mind an image of war; yet it is but seldom that he allows himself this amusement, and only when he has no business to transact then he will play with his jesters, who are very numerous at his court.

There are three whose history is worth relating. The two first are brothers, and of an ancient family, adorned with the title of Prince. They entered into a conspiracy against the Czar, which was concerted during his stay in Holland. When the plot was discovered, they imagined that by feigning madness they might avoid punishment. But the Czar's understanding soon penetrated through this scheme, and he punished them in a different manner. He condemned them to remain fools for the remainder of their lievs, and to act their parts as such at his court. One of them gets drunk every morning to banish from his mind the remembrance of his degrading situation. The third is a Russian nobleman, whom Peter had sent to Smolensko with dispatches of the utmost importance for the governor. Having arrived late at night before the walls of the city, the governor entreated him to wait until the doors were opened the next morning. And what think you the impatient nobleman resolved to do? He returned from whence he came with his dispatches.—Peter caused him to be informed that his conduct proved his folly, and that he should rank among his fools for the remainder of his life. These unfortunate beings are, however, treated with great kindness and attention. I have already observed, that the Czar plays at chess with them; he also occasionally dines with them. They accompany him in all his journies, and he procures them every comfort.

The Czar is as little governed by the passion of love as that of gambling; and notwithstanding that, for several years, he has declined sharing the bed of his wife, he has not been known to have a mistress.* Your highness must not, however, conclude from this, that he is an enemy to the female sex; for, on the contrary, he prefers their society to any other, and even will sometimes take the diversion of dancing; but in general it is but in great moderation. The government of his state, politics, and war, are his predominant passions. To these he gives his whole attention, with an incredible application and perseverance. He rises at an early hour, and repairs to Count Golofkin, high chancellor and first minister of state, with whom he deliberates on the government of his extensive empire. The other counsellors of state afterwards assemble at this minister's, and then the Czar communicates to them his projects, for he scarcely ever takes an important resolution before having weighed with them the different motives which have determined him. The ministers, on their side, make him acquainted with all the letters they receive concerning state affairs. Thus the Czar takes cognizance of every thing, and views with his own eyes the smallest motion of this colossal machine. The conference I have just described employs nearly the whole of the morning, the remainder is dedicated to expedite dispatches to foreign courts, and giving audience to ambassadors. In these audiences the Czar displays great caution; for although the ambassadors are permitted to address him in German, and he is fully competent to answer them instantly in the same language, yet, to avoid all misunderstanding, he causes their words to be translated to him by an interpreter, and afterwards gives his answer in Russian through the same medium. On these occasions he has also his counsellors of state by his side, to be able to ask their advice should any affair of importance occur.

He is in general very much prepossessed against lawyers, doubtless on account of his having discovered many of them lengthening suits by the means of chicanery, overthrowing truth by subtilty, and making fraud triumphant. As soon as a man is acknowledged innocent or guilty, he causes him to be immediately discharged, or immediately punished.

* This letter is dated August 25, 1711.

Every Russian, whatever may be his condition, is freely allowed to address to him his requests or his complaints. I have myself seen him listen, for half an hour, to two poor Polish peasants who presented themselves before him in the street, as he was departing from the state council. He promised them that they should be speedily righted, and ordered his pages to give them money to support them in the mean time. By thus allowing every one free access to his person, he is well acquainted with all his officers; and his memory is so excellent, that it retains the most trifling circumstance.

The Czar's wisdom is also manifested in the impenetrable secrecy which he preserves with respect to his projects. Livonia is an example of this. There is no doubt that he was long since of the same opinion as his allies, regarding the fate of this province; yet he has not allowed one word to transpire. A foreign minister having asked him some explanation on that head, he replied, "When the fox shall be caught, it will be time to dispose of his skin."

In the choice of his ministers he has displayed that he possesses a perfect knowledge of men. Those who at present immediately surround him, are very clever, and of the most unshaken fidelity. Count Golofkin, by his great talents, is well fitted for the high dignity he holds; and his noble and affable manners cannot fail to please all ranks of people. The second minister, Prince Dolgoroucki, possesses much skill and knowledge, not only in diplomatic affairs, but in war and government. He speaks Italian like a native.—Baron Schafiroff, vice-chancellor and third minister, is the most accustomed to affairs of state. He is perfectly acquainted with the Latin and German languages, and he is charged with all the transactions with Germany. The Baron of Loewenwold, fourth minister, has progressively attained the highest summit of perfection. He speaks fluently all the languages of the various European courts.

The Czar joins, to all these exalted qualities, a sincere and unfeigned piety. In every action he has the Almighty in view, and acknowledges him to be the author of all the advantages he has gained.

The Polish ambassador, in one of his audiences with Peter, was praising his military talents, and particularly the prudence and intrepidity he had displayed at the battle of Pultawa. "My soldiers," replied the Czar, "are like all other soldiers, and can do no more; but the hand of God decided the doubtful fate of the battle. For myself, I incessantly bore in mind the words of the Holy Scripture—*Work and pray*. I have, to the best of my endeavour, fulfilled the last injunction; and my soldiers, with the assistance of God, have accomplished the rest. You have only to advise the King, your master, to do the same, and he will meet with the like success."

Let not this induce your highness to believe that the Czar is prone to fanaticism; the whole tenor of his conduct shows how far he is the contrary. It is well known, that intolerance and hypocrisy are inseparable companions. Peter, who cannot bear the idea of the Catholics treating all other Christians as heretics, has permitted the Lutherans to have in Moscow churches for public worship, and even laid himself the first stone of the last that was erected, and will sometimes hear divine service in them. The Calvinists have also at Moscow two churches; but the Catholics do not enjoy the same privileges. Their worship is only public in one church, the service of which is performed by capuchins.—With respect to the Jesuits, the Czar will not allow them to remain in any part of his empire. "Priests," he says, "have no business to mix with the affairs of the world; it is contrary to the words of the scripture, which our Saviour said to his Apostles."

The Czar never swears, and never allows himself to joke on any subject that might be injurious to any one; he is fond of pardoning the little faults of those who surround him, and even capital offences, provided they be not sufficiently serious to awaken his anger.

Prior to his reign, public liberality was totally unknown in Russia. Peter greatly relieved the poor by founding hospitals, and establishing at Moscow a public pharmacy, which alone cost him above twelve thousand pounds. All those who are employed in it, as well as the medical men of the town, are supported at the expence of the state.

With respect to military talents, the Czar may be put in competition with the first characters of this century. His foresight, his presence of mind, and his dauntless courage, are well deserving of admiration. He exposed his person so much at Pultawa, that his hat was pierced by several bullets, and he had a horse killed under him. He ranged his troops in so excellent an order for battle, that the King of Sweden said to his generals, I could never have believed that the Moscovites could have placed themselves so advantageously, though the Prince who commands them, has owned that he owes to his enemies the

obligation of having taught him the art of war.

The Czar's land forces are very considerable; they are rated at three hundred thousand men, including the garrisons. In time of peace his army consists of a hundred and fifty thousand regular troops. The very advantageous pay which he gives them has procured him numbers of German and French officers, so that at present there are no longer any posts remaining for those who now present themselves. The major part of the officers of his army are Germans; the Russians however have now acquired so much military knowledge that they would fight very well without the assistance of foreigners.

The Czar's navy is very considerable; and the neighbouring princes look with very jealous eyes on his numerous excellent sea-ports, well furnished with every thing necessary for the equipment of a fleet; such are Petersburg, Archangel, Astrachan, Azoff, and Veronizza. Peter is well skilled in the art of navigation; and in Holland he learned the manner of building ships. He is so extremely fond of aquatic excursions that he never travels by land when he can avoid it; he is also an able engineer, and applies himself with enthusiasm to the art of fortification. When he has no important affairs to transact he amuses himself with drawing plans; he intends making comments on the works of Vauban and other masters.

Any one who has found the means of pleasing him, and makes a proper acknowledgment for his favourable sentiments, is certain of finding in him a sincere and faithful friend. The best example that can be given of this is the cordiality with which he received the King of Poland, when he came to take possession of the throne which the Czar had restored to him. On this occasion Peter, who abhors the infidelity of subjects towards their sovereign, made the bitterest reproaches to the magnates of Poland for not having better stood out in defence of their king. With what eagerness, with what pleasure did he renew his alliance with Prussia and Denmark! What affectionate regard he testified towards his Danish majesty, in the person of the Prince of Courland, to whom he has resolved to return his estates, because he was the friend of his father! In short, to possess the Czar's friendship may be considered an inestimable blessing. His invariable maxim is, that the promise of a sovereign must be held sacred, even should the loss of his states follow its fulfilment; for, adds this magnanimous prince,—"It is better to lose a crown than forfeit one's honour."—Peter watches carefully lest any thing might tarnish his glory. It is well known how high Prince Menzikoff ranks in his favour on account of the services which he has received from him, and the affection which this prince has always shewn him from his infancy; he has overwhelmed him with honours and riches, has given him the province of Ingria for him and his heirs for ever; and, moreover, has made him generalissimo, with the power of transacting all military affairs without consulting any one, to make whatever promotions and changes he pleases among the officers and generals. The Czar, however, does not regard with anger those who murmur at being obliged to submit to the generalissimo's authority, particularly when distinguished officers are in the case. By these means he often has it in his power to retain in his service many military men, who having some cause for discontent, solicit their discharge. Far from reproaching them with their want of subordination, or making any complaints even when he has some reason for it, he only tells them how much he shall regret their loss, gives them their discharge without any hesitation, and by this generous conduct attaches them for ever to his interest. Numerous examples of this nature might be related, especially towards foreigners; but generally the Czar's kindness, and the admiration which his exalted qualities inspire, make them forget their friends and their own country.

He does not display less skill in drawing towards him foreign officers whose merits are known, particularly when he has some intimation of their being prepossessed in his favour; and when his point is gained he never fails to recompence them according to their services. A foreign general sent him some new models in plaster, and described some other military inventions of great importance; his sovereign however heard this, and ordered him to be arrested, and sentenced him, unheard, to be confined two years in prison.

As soon as he was liberated the Czar called him to his court, appointed him to the rank of major-general, with a revenue of three thousand crowns a month, and six thousand more for the expences of his establishment. Your highness will not have forgotten that a prince of Darmstadt, who served in the Czar's army, was wounded in the battle fought with General Loewenhaupt, and died in consequence; the gratitude of his young sovereign granted an annuity of sixteen thousand crowns for life to his heir.

It would be wrong to conclude from these

instances of liberality that economy is not one of Peter's virtues, or that he lavishes his favours indiscriminately. He does not spend a single ducat without knowing to what purpose it is applied; and every reward he bestows has been merited either by military exploits, wisdom in council, or some other national benefit. This prince is well acquainted with the value of money, and is the more sparing of his treasures as he is unwilling to burthen his subjects with taxes. Not long ago some foreign powers invited him to lend them considerable sums, and pointed out the means of levying them immediately on his people, but he answered them:—"My subjects are my children; money is the soul of war, its source must never be exhausted. I must spare my people and my treasures if I wish that my empire should flourish, and the great work which I have undertaken should terminate successfully." The encrease of trade which he strongly encourages in his dominions, has already augmented the opulence of the state and the wealth of individuals. The revenue of that with Persia and China is, according to the latest calculations, two millions and a half of crowns higher than before his reign.

Iron, so abundant in the Russian mines, but till now looked upon as unfit to be worked, is since the arrival of the skilful workmen whom the Czar has brought with him from foreign lands, rendered as useful as that of any other country; with it all kinds of weapons, instruments, and tools are now made, the polish of which equals that of steel.

I have learned from the best authority, that the Czar, as soon as peace will allow him, intends to attempt to civilize the whole extent of his wide dominions; this gigantic design, the execution of which seems impossible, will not prove so for his genius. His first intention, however, is to encrease the population of his kingdom, several parts of which are mere desarts. On this account he endeavours to gain the affection and gratitude of his Swedish prisoners; many of whom he would wish to become manufacturers, whilst the rest should clear and cultivate the earth.

It is useless to say that Peter's great qualities, and constant labours for the honour and happiness of Russia, have acquired him the unanimous love and esteem of his subjects. At the slightest intimation all are in readiness, and hasten to obey him as children would a beloved parent. This was particularly exemplified when, against all the ancient customs, he proclaimed an edict which commanded all the Russians, not exempting the clergy, on the same day to have their long beards cut off, and to change their Russian costume for that of the French or Germans. This edict was obeyed with a punctuality which greatly surpassed his expectations. Scarcely had the day appointed for this elegant revolution dawned, when a general metamorphosis took place in Russia, the advantages of which experience soon taught the nation.

Before I finish this relation, your highness will allow me to add a few words respecting the heir apparent to the crown, to whom I have frequently had the honour of paying my court. The Czarowitz is tall and well made; his eyes beam with fire and expression when he speaks; he greatly resembles his father; his disposition seems cold, and in general he says little, but never delays his answer. Those who have studied him more attentively praise the dignity of his soul and religious inclinations, and relate that he has already perused the holy scriptures five times over. He is also passionately fond of the Greek historians; his wit is keen, and his judgment sound; he is almost a perfect master of mathematics, the military art and naval tactics. The French language is familiar to him, and he is well acquainted with the German. He is not yet very dexterous in bodily exercises, for the Czar thought it was more useful to teach him the arduous science of government. A foreign minister once told him it was a pity that such an illustrious prince should be a stranger to those arts in which distinguished noblemen excel from their youth, and which display the strength, agility, and grace of the body. "I do not see how it is a pity," answered Peter, "let him first procure what is necessary, superfluities will come after." But I ought to confine myself to what is essential, in order not to exhaust your highness's patience. In my next dispatch I shall have the honour of communicating to you some anecdotes of the most distinguished persons of the Czar's court, and that of Prince Menzikoff.

I am, &c.

St. Petersburg, August 25, 1711.

REVIEW AND ANALYSIS

OF

MARMION; *A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.*

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

THIS is the production of the celebrated author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; a poem which has been deservedly popular, and raised its author to the highest point of poetical reputation in the present day.

The character of Mr. Scott's writing is a faithful portraiture of feudal times, a poetical picture of the costume of Gothic character, as well that which belongs to nature as that which is peculiar to life. He passes with a bold retrospective genius into those times of turbulence and arms, in which are found those materials of the picturesque and savage sublime, which have so often astonished and charmed us in extraordinary ballads and obsolete romances. These peculiarities of life and customs, which Mr. Scott has studied with the labour and exactness of an antiquarian, he has already woven into a poem in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and has repeated with equal success in "Marmion."

The same simplicity, the same unaffected strength which kept him aloof from the modern fopperies of poetry in his former work, will be found in "Marmion." The whole story is admirably told; it never lags, it never fatigues; curiosity is kept up by the regular stratagems of his art, but is practised upon by no unworthy artifice and trick. The attention is unalterably detained to the last verse; and when the sympathy excited by the story abates, the charms of the poetry afford a fresh treat of delectation. Without bestowing any notice on the introductory pieces prefixed to each Canto, we shall proceed to submit to the reader a brief analysis of the plan of this performance, which the author denominates a romantic tale, and which he professes to be an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times upon a broader scale, and in a more interesting story, than he has already done in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The first Canto, entitled the Castle, opens with the arrival of Lord Marmion the (description of whom is given in the poetical extracts in the last Number of our Magazine) at Norham Castle, in Northumberland, the seat of Sir Hugh Heron. The ceremonies attending the reception of the noble stranger are enumerated, after which the author passes to the entertainment given him by the owner of the castle. The feast, accompanied by the harp and the voice of the performer, being finished, Sir Hugh calls for the wassel bowl, which he replenishes with wine, and thus addresses his guest :—

"Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion;
  But first I pray thee fair,
Where hast thou left that page of thine,
That used to serve that cup of wine,
  Whose beauty was so rare?

When last in Raby towers we met
  The boy I closely eyed,
And often marked his cheeks were wet
  With tears he fain would hide:
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish shield or sharpen brand
  Or saddle battle steed;
But meeter seemed for lady fair,
To fan her cheek or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery rich and rare
  The slender silk to lead:
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
  His bosom, when he sigh'd
The russet doublet's rugged fold
  Could scarce repel its pride!"

Marmion replies that he has left his page sick at Lindisfarn; he enquires, in his turn, the cause of the absence of Lady Heron; and being informed that she is at the court of the Scottish Queen, he informs her husband that he is going by his sovereign's command to that court to enquire the reason of the extraordinary levies of troops in Scotland. He requests his host to supply him with a guide to conduct him to the Scottish monarch; and accordingly a Palmer is found who undertakes to serve him in that capacity. The following morning Lord Marmion quits the castle; and thus concludes the first Canto. The next introduction of the Palmer is so eminently beautiful and descriptive, that we cannot omit it in this Canto :—

"From Salem first, and last from Rome,
One that has kissed the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine,
In Araby and Palestine—
On hills of Armenie has been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the Prophet's rod;

In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The mount where Israel heard the law;
'Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin
And shadows, mist, and darkness given.—
He shews Saint James's cockle shell,
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
And of that grot where olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily;
Saint Rosalie retired to God."

The second Canto, bearing the inscription of the Convent, represents the voyage of the Abbess of St. Hilda, with five of her nuns, from Whitby to Lindisfarn, or Holy Island, whither she is summoned to meet the Abbot of St. Cuthbert and the Prioress of Tynemouth, for the purpose of passing sentence on two offenders of the monastic order. The description of the Abbess of St. Hilda in this Canto, is in the most masterly style of the author:—

"The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair, too, she was, and kind had been,
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Or knew the influence of her eye.
Love to her ear was but a name
Combined with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys were all
Bounded within the cloister wall;
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
Was of monastic vows the breach;
And her ambition's highest aim,
To emulate St. Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower,
To elevate the eastern tower;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She decked the chapel of the Saint;
And gave the relique shrine of cost,
With ivory and gems imbost;
The poor her convent's bounty blest,
The pilgrim in its hall found rest.
Black was her garb, her rigid rule,
Reformed on Benedictine school;
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare,
Vigils and penitence austere
Had early quenched the light of youth,
But gentle was the dame in sooth;
Though vain of her religious sway,
She loved to see her maids obey;
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their Abbess well."

The Vault of Penitence, the horrid scene of this meeting, is described, and the culprits are then introduced:—

"Before them stood a guilty pair;
But though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And on her doublet breast
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But at the Prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head
And down her slender form they spread
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister professed of Fontevraud."

The calmness and fortitude of the beauteous Constance before the tremendous tribunal, are well contrasted with the pusillanimity of her base minded companion. The Abbot is about to pronounce their awful doom, when Constance, having twice in vain essayed to speak, thus addresses the assembly:—

"I speak not to implore your grace;
Well know I for one minute's space
Successless might I sue:
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if a death of lingering pain,
To cleanse my sins be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too.
I listened to a traitor's tale
I left the convent and the veil,
For three long years I bowed my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;
And well my folly's meed he gave
Who forfeited to be his slave,
All here and all beyond the grave.
He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.

The King approved his favourite's aim,
In vain a rival barr'd his claim,
Whose faith with Clare's was plight;
For he attaints that rival's fame
With treason's charge—and on they came
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are prayed,
Their lances in the rest are laid,
They meet in mortal shock;
And hark the throng, with thundering cry,
Shout Marmion, Marmion to the sky!
De Wilton to the block!
Say ye, who preach heaven shall decide,
When in the lists two champions ride,

Say, was heaven's justice here?
When loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death
Beneath a traitor's spear.
How false the charge, how true he fell,
This guilty packet best can tell.—
Then drew a packet from her breast.
Paused, gathered voice, then spoke the rest.

Still was false Marmion's bridal staid
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.
'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry cried;
Sir Marmion she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun.'
One way remained, the King's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
I lingered here and rescue plann'd
For Clara and for me:
This caitif monk for gold did swear,
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
And by his drugs my rival fair
A saint in heaven should be.
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice hath undone us both.

And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Had fortune my last hope betrayed,
This packet, to the King conveyed,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke
Although my heart that instant broke.
Now men of death work forth your will,
For I can suffer and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but death who comes at last.

Yet dread me from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome;
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends,
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic king
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
Then shall these vaults so strong and deep,
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;
Some traveller then shall find my bones,
Whitening amid disjointed stones;
And ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be.

Fixed was her look, and stern her air;
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair;
The locks that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seemed to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy,
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appalled the astonished conclave sate;
With stupid eyes the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listened for the avenging storm;
The judges felt the victim's dread,
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—
'Sister let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother part in peace!"

To some of our readers it may not perhaps be known, that the religious who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same punishment as the Roman Vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive walls of the convent; a slender pittance of bread and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *Vade in pacem*, Go in peace—were the signal for immuring the criminal!

The hotel, or inn, where Marmion and his train reposed the night after his departure from Norham Castle, form the subject of the third Canto. Here to beguile the time, Fitz-Eustace, one of his Squires, sings a song concerning the fate of the constant and the faithless lover; which fills Marmion's breast with the keenest remorse for his conduct to Constance, whom he had surrendered to the church, in order to rid himself of her threats, importunities, and upbraidings, and also because, frantic with despair, she had planned the destruction of her rival. He was for some time overpowered by the passions conflicting in his breast, but soon again

"Lord Marmion raised his head,
And smiling to Fitz-Eustace said:
'Is it not strange that as ye sung
Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?
Say, what may this portend?'
Then first the Palmer silence broke,
(The live-long day he had not spoke)
'The death of a dear friend."

These words, together with the tone in which they were uttered, and something in the look of the Palmer, completely unmanned Marmion, whose bosom was filled with repentance and reviving love, till the host begins a tale concerning the combat of Alexander III. of Scotland with a goblin-knight, at the ancient Pictish camp, a short distance from the village where they then were. This being finished, Marmion withdraws with his Squires for

the night. Instead, however, of retiring to rest, he calls up Fitz-Eustace, directing him to saddle his horse. He takes the road towards the Pictish camp, from which he returns with extraordinary speed, both rider and horse exhibiting the appearance of having fallen; but the account of his adventures during the excursion is reserved for another place. Thus ends the third Canto.

The fourth, entitled the Camp, commences with the departure of Marmion and his retinue from the inn. They have not proceeded far before they are met by Sir David Lindesay, Lion King-at-arms, with a train of heralds and pursuivants, sent by the Scottish monarch to provide a fit lodging for Marmion till the King should find time for an interview. He accordingly conducts the English ambassador to Crichtoun Castle, whose owner, Earl Adam Hepburn, had marched that morning, with all his followers, to join the army which James was assembling on the Borough-moor. At Crichtoun Marmion stops two days; and on the second night Sir David Lindesay relates to him the story of an apparition which appeared to the Scottish King, to warn him against a war with England; which, together with Marmion's narrative of his nocturnal encounter at the Pictish camp, the reader will find among the extracts given in our last Number. The Canto concludes with a description of the Scottish camp near Edinburgh, to which the herald conducted the ambassador and his train.

A picture of the arms and accoutrements distinguishing the various clans that composed the Scottish army, opens the fifth Canto, entitled the Court. Marmion having traversed the camp, is led by his conductor to the city, and thence to the palace of Holyrood, where James was that night giving an entertainment to his nobles, previous to his departure for the expedition against England, which he had fixed for the next day. Marmion is introduced to the monarch, whose character, copied correctly from historical records, the author has happily sketched in the following lines:—

"The monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament and sue!—
Suit lightly won, a short-lived pain!
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
I said he joyed in banquet-bower;
But mid his mirth 'twas often strange
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance-pain,
In memory of his father slain.

Even so 'twas strange how evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rushed with double glee
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Starts the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside,
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And straining on the tightened rein
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife had sway;
To Scotland's court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the King to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance own;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring and glove,
And charged him as her knight and love
For her to break a lance;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on English land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.
And thus for France's Queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English fair,
His inmost counsels still to share;
And thus for both he madly planned
The ruin of himself and land!
And yet the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair nor France's Queen,
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
His own Queen Margaret, who in Lithgow's bower
All lonely sat and wept the weary hour."

Such was the cause for which James, disdaining the counsels of prudent advisers, and even warnings which were thought to be supernatural, rashly determined on war, and in reply to the commission of Marmion, hurled defiance at the monarch by whom he was sent. An interesting scene takes place between the King, the Earl of Angus, and the English

ambassador; the former remains steady to his purpose; but as Marmion was directed to remain as long as the slightest hopes of peace were left, James assigns him Tantallon, the castle of the above-mentioned Earl for his residence during his stay in Scotland; and likewise places under the protection of the ambassador the five nuns of Whitby and their Abbess who had been taken by one of his gallies. The Abbess, who had been one of those that sat in judgment on Constance and Clara, for whose sake the latter had been betrayed by Marmion, justly dreaded the man who was appointed by the Scottish monarch to escort them back to their convent. The Palmer was still in Marmion's train; with him the Abbess contrived a secret interview; and having related the history of De Wilton and Clara, she delivered to him the packet she had received from Constance, containing proofs of Marmion's treachery towards his opponent, charging him to convey them with all possible speed to the King. The extraordinary vision which terminates the meeting of the Palmer and the Abbess is founded on a circumstance related by Pitscotie, and which, like the apparition at Linlithgow, was probably a device to deter the King from the war. The parting of the Abbess and Clara, and the journey of Marmion and his retinue with the latter to Tantallon, occupy the remainder of the fifth Canto.

The sixth, entitled the Battle, begins with the unexpected meeting of Clara and her lover, De Wilton, in Tantallon Castle. After the first emotions of mutual surprize, he relates his adventures since the rencounter with Marmion. He informs her, that being conveyed from the lists, where he was left for dead, by his beadsman, Austin, he was attended by the old man, who found means to bring him to himself, till a complete recovery was effected; when he accompanied him to foreign lands in the disguise of a Palmer. Austin fell sick, and before he expired, he charged De Wilton with this dying injunction, to spare, for his sake, the life of Marmion, should fortune ever place it in his power. De Wilton then repaired to Scotland where chance directed that he should be the guide of his most inveterate enemy. He was the supposed spectre whom Marmion encountered on Gifford Moor, and it was he to whom the Abbess delivered the packet which was to prove his innocence. Douglas, to whom his family had formerly been known, had promised to provide him with armour, and again to dub him a knight, after which he purposed to repair to the camp of the Earl of Surrey, the commander of the English forces dispatched against the King of Scotland, whither he knew Marmion intended to conduct Clara. Such is the substance of De Wilton's history, the knowledge of which is represented as having produced a distant coldness in the Earl of Angus to his guest, and at their parting a quarrel, which is given with considerable spirit.

" The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu;
'Though something I might plain,' he said
'Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.'—
But Douglas round him drew his cloke,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
" My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—' This to me!' he said,—
An'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first I tell thee haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword)
I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus thou hast lied!'
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth: 'And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou then unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.'
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need!
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the arch-way sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung;

To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

After this narrow escape Marmion rejoins his troop, and missing the Palmer, makes enquiry for him. He is informed that at day-break he had left the castle, mounted on the Earl's favourite steed, and cased in armour, in which he bore a great resemblance to the knight whom Marmion had vanquished at Cotswold. Marmion's eyes are now opened; he recognizes in the Palmer his old enemy De Wilton, and knows that he must have been the antagonist whom he encountered on Gifford wold—a discovery which excites in his guilty bosom no very agreeable sensations.

Proceeding onwards to the Tweed, the hostile armies are discovered opposite to each other. Marmion hastens to join that of the English, in the rear of which he places Clare, with a chosen guard. He repairs to the Earl of Surrey, who assigns him a post in the van. The battle commences, the fortune of the day seems to waver in the part where Marmion fights, and two squires whom he had left with Clare, fly to his aid. They soon return to the spot bearing along their wounded lord.

"His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand,
Dragged from among the horses' feet
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion!
Young Blount his armour did unlace
And gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—'By Saint George he's gone!
That spear wound has our master sped;
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good night to Marmion.'
'Unnurtured Blount! they brawling cease;
He opes his eye,' said Eustace; 'peace!'

When doffed his casque, he felt free air
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
'Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon, charge again!
Cry—Marmion to the rescue!—Vain!
Last of my race on battle-plain,
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Must I bid twice? hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die.'—
They parted and alone he lay,
Clare drew her from the sight away;
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan
And half he murmured,—'Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring
To slake my dying thirst!'

Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When with the baron's casque the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears,
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She filled the helm and back she hied,
And with surprize and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head,
A pious man whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.
Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And as she stooped his brow to lave,
'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'
Then, as remembrance rose—
'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!'
'Alas!' she said, 'the while—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She died at Holy Isle.'
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents from his wounded side.
'Then it was truth!' he said—'I knew
That the dark presage must be true,
I would the fiend to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'
Then fainting down on earth he sunk
Supported by the trembling monk.
With fruitless labour, Clara bound
And strove to staunch the gushing wound;
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the church's prayers;
Ever he said that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle, with groans of the dying,
So the notes rung;
'Avoid thee fiend! with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!

By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen
But never aught like this :—
The war that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And Stanley ! was the cry ;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye :
With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade
And shouted—' Victory !
Charge, Chester, charge !—On, Stanley, on !'
Were the last words of Marmion."

The battle of Flodden Field, could not, it is well known, be made to terminate otherwise than in favour of the English, and, as the reader may easily guess, the piece concludes with the union of De Wilton and Clare.

This poem will be readily conceived to have faults, some of which candour obliges us to point out.

Mr. Scott seems to think that, for the sake of a rhyme, a poet may take any liberties he pleases with the participles of verbs. This inference we are at least justified in drawing from such instances as the following :—Hast wove—were tore—had broke—hath swore—were chose—and many others of the like kind.

Bad rhymes are of still more frequent recurrence. Thus we find :—Broad and showed—thunder-bolt and halt—one and man—mourn and return—dumb and tomb—lost and most—gone and stone—pierce and rehearse—tone and on—shown and won—messenger and bear—clad and red—Edelfled and pray'd—executioner and there—laid and bread—once and glance—scorned and returned, &c. &c.

Scotticisms occasionally occur, such as :—

" When the old man
Said we *would* make a matchless pair."

Violations of grammar are not uncommon From any person who has had the education of a gentleman, we should scarcely have expected such gross faults as these :

" By four deep gaps *are* entrance given.

———

Scarce by the pale moon-light *was* seen
The foldings of his mantle green.

———

Even such weak minister as *me*
May the oppressor bruise."

The accents in some of the following lines are peculiarly disagreeable :—

" O woman in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And vari*able* as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A minis*ter*ing angel thou !—

———

Hast thou no ele*giac* verse."

The proportion of doggrel in this volume is by no means inconsiderable. We shall quote a few instances :

" As when the champion of the lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or in the chapel peril*ous*,
Despising spells and demon's force,
Holds converse with the unburied corse ;
Or when Dame Ganore's grace to move,
(Alas ! that lawless was their love)
He sought proud Tarquin in his den
And freed full sixty knights ; or when
A sinful man and unconfessed
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,—&c.

———

And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wonderous men the dust.

———

With musquet, pike, and morion
To welcome noble Marmion.—

———

And there she stood so calm and pale
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks;
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life was there."—

" Steely weeds" cannot be a proper expression, neither does that in the following lines appear to us more appropriate :

" The cannon from the ramparts *glanced.*

———

Or slow like *noon-tide ghost* would glide."

Thoughout the whole work the author appears extremely partial to alliteration. Of this the annexed verse affords a ridiculous example :

" May *bid* your *beads* and *patter prayer*."

One might be tempted to suppose that Mr. Scott was composing a parody on *Sally in our Alley*, in the following lines :—

" Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling."

But with all the deductions which just criticism is compelled to make, we can securely recommend " Marmion" as a delicious treat to the reader.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE BIRTH
OF THE SEVERN, THE WYE, AND THE RHYDDOL.

A NEREID once from Neptune ran,
A mountain giant was her man;
They ask'd no banns, they fear'd no shame,
Plinlimmon was the giant's name,
His bed a mountain's desart cave,
Three pledges of their union gave;
Their sex was her's that was the mother,
As if 'twas jealous of the other.
No sooner born but full of play,
The little truants ran away.

The first, caressing public sight,
Made wealth and cities her delight;
Was proud of her maternal birth,
For Ocean's tribute claim'd the earth,
With many a dealer snug in trade,
Had love and passions ready made;
Itinerant from shore to shore,
Prolific indications bore,
And yet a character preserv'd,
By the decorum she observ'd;
But opulence the ruling aim,
And Severn was the lady's name.

The second, fond of rural scene,
With graceful air, like beauty's queen,
Coquetting, but with morals chaste,
And sentimentally embrac'd,
From coarse and glaring crowds remov'd,
By gentle spirits cheer'd and lov'd,
Was ne'er obnoxious but retir'd,
And sweetly coy, was more desir'd!
Her playful dress, with careless grace,
And shifted charm improv'd her face;
Her flowing hair the Muses crown'd,
Her step was consecrated ground;
By Genius lov'd, caress'd by Fame,
And Wye the matchless wonder's name.
A termagant the Rhyddol next,
With manners bold, and choice perplex'd,
Pacific intercourse disdain'd,
In fury shone, in terrors reign'd;
Wild as a colt, or pamper'd horse,
And bounding with a tiger's force,
In rocks and caves that shunn'd the light
Or tumbling from the mountain's height;
She leapt, she flew, as quick as thought,
And still pursu'd, was never caught;
Refus'd the lover's gentle sway,
And swept with scorn her thund'ring way;
Unless, to wanton mischief prone,
She made some heedless nymph her own,
And wore the counterfeited smile,
An artless virgin to beguile.
'Twas thus two Naiads * were deceiv'd,
With open arms her gifts receiv'd,
But soon were in a torrent lost,
On stormy Neptune's bosom toss'd!
And borne upon a car half dead,
The helpless victims of his bed.

With tempting charms the Istwith pleas'd,
Betray'd, and by the Rhyddol seiz'd,
With shouts of joy was borne away,
The Rhyddol's boast, the Ocean's prey;
And sportive Mynach shar'd her fate,
Caught by the same alluring bait.

Ill-fated Istwith! dear to love;
In Hafod's grot or pathless grove;
By Hafod's Druid Priest † admir'd;
By Hafod's Muse herself inspir'd;
In many a cave by him pursu'd,
With taste entranc'd, with love renew'd;
The Rhyddol binds thee with her chain,
And mountain shrieks are heard in vain.

Yet such is beauty's varied power,
That not alone Armida's bower,
But Rhyddol's features, wild and rude,
With love's attractions are endued;—
We look at charms, to errors blind,
Adore the form and veil the mind.

THE MAID OF ERIN.

MY thoughts delight to wander
 Upon a distant shore;
Where lovely, fair, and tender,
 Is she whom I adore:
May Heav'n, its blessings sparing,
 On her bestow them free,
The lovely Maid of Erin!
 Who sweetly sang to me.

---

* The Rhyddol meeting with Istwith and the Mynach, takes them with her to the sea.

† Mr. Johnes, the owner of the celebrated Hafod, and whose taste in the display of its beauties is universally admired.

Had Fortune fix'd my station,
In some propitious hour,
The monarch of a nation,
Endow'd with wealth and power;
That wealth and power sharing,
My peerless queen should be,
The lovely Maid of Erin!
Who sweetly sang to me.

Altho' the restless ocean
May long between us roar,
Yet while my heart has motion,
She'll lodge within its core;
For artless and endearing,
And mild and young is she,
The lovely Maid of Erin!
Who sweetly sang to me.

When Fate gives intimation,
That my last hour is nigh,
With placid resignation
I'll lay me down and die;
Fond hope my bosom cheering,
That I in heav'n shall see,
The lovely Maid of Erin!
Who sweetly sang to me.

THE MAID OF LOCH NELL. *

THE wintry winds howl'd round the towers o' Dunstaffnage,
The tempest-wing'd spirit shriek'd wildly on high,
The thunderbolts plough'd up the heathy mount's high ridge,
An' the blue forked lightning illumined the sky,
The storm-laden black clouds were heavily lowrin',
The sea billows heav'd up wi' mountain-like swell,
The cauld rorin' blast swept the brow o' Benfewrin,
An' kiss'd the white breast o' the Maid of Loch Nell.

She sprang in the Curragh to meet her Macdonnell,
While her soul-breathing love-sighs were mingled wi' fear,
For the tempest-beat billows rav'd wildly in Connell,
An' the fiery-warm lightning hiss'd awfully near.

Her long flowing hair to the rude blast was wavin',
As the lab'ring Curragh wave-toss'd rose and fell.
The spray waft the wings o' the storm-lovin' raven,
An' chill'd the sweet form o' the Maid o' Loch Nell.

Ah! ne'er more, sweet maid, wilt thou meet thy Macdonnell,
Nae mair in the strath will ye arm-in-arm rove;
For the angel of death's on the dark waves o' Connell,
An' waits for the mandate preparing above.
Three times a loud voice was heard sabbin' an' wailin',
Aboon roarin' Connell wi' sad mournful swell;
An' three times a voice was heard plaintively sailin',
Wi' sighs round the mansion o' lofty Loch Nell.

Ne'er again, lovely maid, wilt thou stray thro' the wild wood;
Ne'er again wilt thou rove thro' the sweets o' the glen,
Ne'er again wilt thou tread in the haunts of thy childhood,
Or rouse the dun-deer frae its rock-cover'd den.
Sad, sad, will thy loss be, ill-fated Macdonnell,
Nae maer on thy love's ruby lips wilt thou dwell;
For low in the oozy-green caverns o' Connell
Lies the pride o' thy he-rt—the sweet Maid o' Loch Nell.

* Loch Nell, the seat of General Campbell, is a beautiful romantic spot in the west Highlands.—Dunstaffnage, the ancient residence of the Kings of Scotland, is a little below Loch Nell, and the rapid river Connell runs between them. Benfewring is a very high hill N. E. of Loch Nell.

ENO; THE INDIAN WARRIOR.

'TIS done, the blow's given, reveng'd is my love,
Yes, yes, and to-morrow I die;
To-morrow my soul wings its journey above,
To Orra, to Orra, I fly!

Ye tribes, Oh, my brothers! you knew she had charms!
You knew, too, I made her my wife:
Yet the fell villain came, tore the maid from my arms;
But he fell!—Yes, he fell by my knife.

Yet why did my hatchet so soon find his heart?
Or scalp'd was the white man by me?
Why, why, Oh! I'll tell it, with rapture impart,
That Eno might come, love, to thee!

Yes, yes, and to-morrow I go to my bride,
'Tis fix'd, 'tis the Christian's decree!
The faggots will blaze, but their joy I'll deride,
For Orra, I come, love, to thee!

"Farewell! and for ever! tormentors, I'll cry,
"My sinews to ashes may burn;
"Yes, yes, but a groan, not a groan nor a sigh,
"Your flames shall exact in return.

"Farewell! and for ever! I go to my bride!
"Your tortures are pleasures to me."
My arm fell'd the tyrant, he struggled and died!
But Orra—I come, love, to thee.

THE SLIGHTED SHEPHERD.

Aside yon' gently sloping hill,
A cottage overlooks the dale,
Where smoothly steals a purling rill,
Along the daisy spangled vale.

Enticing spot! sweet magic scene!
The hill and dale, the mead and grove:
A simple, yet a rich demesne,
The pure abode of virtuous love.

Bright Summer's clad in warm array,
Cool groves invite to calm repose:
But ah! what melting love-sick lay,
Does yon' tall pine tree's bark disclose?

"Ye villagers of humble sphere,
"Who oft' frequent this silent grove:
"Ye who the lonely shade revere,
"The sweet receptacle for love.

"Behold yon' little mountain cot,
"With myrtle girt, and woodbine sweet;
"From noise and bustle far remote,
"Except the harmless lambkin's bleat.

"Within resides a matchless maid,
"The fairest of the village train;
"In soft resistless charms array'd,
"The fond attraction of the plain.

"Cease contemplation—cease to bear
"To memory's reflective view,
"My hopeless passion for a fair;
"Nor disappointment's pangs renew.

"Yet shall my friendly muse disclose
"The dictates of a wounded heart;
"The object of my lost repose,
"Ah! let these humble lines impart.

"Then be my hapless tale confess'd;
"Let all the village know my lot:
"A passion kindled in my breast,
"For Flora of the mountain cot.

"Oft' as the maiden blush of morn'
"Crept slowly up the smoaking hills:
"When sparkling dew-drops tipt the thorn,
"And Sol illum'd the tepid rills.

"Oft' as the Sun's enlivening ray
"Awak'd the busy chirping crew,
"I quit the village blithe and gay,
"And to the mountain cottage flew.

"On me affection seem'd to smile,
"As Flora's hand I gently press'd;
"A fond return I thought awhile,
"Had render'd faithful Robin blest.

"The matchless maid I truly love;
"But she proves cruel, cold, unkind:
"With Robin she'll no longer rove,
"Fair Flora's of uncertain mind.

"Dissembled love is like the vane,
"That alters with each restless breeze;
"It holds a short delusive reign,
"And sinks beneath its base decrees.

"The pastimes of my native vale,
"Have long since ceas'd to yield delight:
"I now alone my fate bewail,
"As wand'ring thro' the gloomy night.

"Adieu my dear paternal vale,
"Farewell enticing shaded grove;
"Do thou record the simple tale,
"A constant Shepherd's slighted love."

Vale-Place. GOBBO.

SONG.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN.

All ye, who torn from Love,
At distance roam forlorn;
All ye who vanquish'd prove
Some cruel fair one's scorn;—
Your sorrows, tho' severe,
Compar'd with mine are small,
For you have Hope to cheer,
And I have lost my all.

I lov'd a beauteous fair,
And was belov'd again—
But in this world of care,
No joy can long remain;
'Tis like the tender rose,
Expanding to the skies,
At dawn of morn it blows,
At eve it droops and dies.

Vain were her youth and charms!
The lovely maid is gone:
Death snatch'd her from my arms,
And I am left alone!—
The griefs which now o'erwhelm,
Will finish soon my woe,—
That stroke which fells the elm,
Destroys the ivy too.

York Barracks. E. C.

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE!

THE sun was departed, the mild zephyr blowing,
Bore over the plain the perfume of the flowers;
In soft undulations the streamlet was flowing,
And calm meditation led forward the hours:
I struck the full chord, and the ready tear started,
I sung of an exile, forlorn, broken hearted,
Like him, from my bosom all joy is departed,
And sorrow has stol'n from the lyre all its pow'rs.

I paus'd on the strain, when fond mem'ry tenacious,
Presented the form I must ever esteem;
Retrac'd scenes of pleasure, alas! how fallacious!
Evanescent all, all, as the shades of a dream.
Yet still, as they rush'd thro' oppress'd recollection,
The silent tear fell, and the pensive reflection
Immers'd my sad bosom in deeper dejection,
On which cheering Hope scarcely glances a beam.

In vain into beauty all nature is springing,
In vain smiling Spring does the blossoms unfold;
In vain round my cot the wing'd choristers singing,
When each soft affection is dormant and cold.
E'en sad as the merchant bereav'd of his treasure,
So slow beats my heart, and so languid its measure,
So dreary, so lonely, a stranger to pleasure,
Around it affliction her mantle hath roll'd.

But meek resignation supporting the spirit,
Unveils a bright scene to the uplifted eye;
A scene, which the patient and pure shall inherit,
Where hearts bleed no more, and the tear shall be dry.
There souls, which on earth in each other delighted,
By friendship, by honour, by virtue united,
Shall meet, and their pleasures no more shall be blighted,
But perfect and pure as their love be their joy.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR APRIL.

DRURY-LANE.

On Thursday, March 31, was presented at Drury-lane Theatre, a New Play, entitled "*The World*," from the pen of Mr. Kenney; an author well known, and deservedly praised, for "*Raising the Wind*."

CHARACTERS.

Cheviot	Mr. ELLISTON,
Echo	Mr. BANNISTER,
Withers	Mr. WROUGHTON,
Index	Mr. MATTHEWS,
Subtle	Mr. WEWITZER,
Social	Mr. PURSER,
Loiter	Mr. DE CAMP,
Dauntless	Mr. PALMER,
Author	Mr. RUSSELL,
Margin	Mr. MADDOCKS,
Lady Bloomfield	Mrs. JORDAN,
Mrs. Barclay	Mrs. POWELL,
Eleanor Barclay	Miss BOYCE.

FABLE.—*Mr. Cheviot*, an author of lofty spirit, and appropriate poverty, is in love with *Lady Bloomfield*, a fashionable widow, whom he has rescued from an insult at the Opera. His humility and his pride equally forbid him to express his admiration openly; and the widow is withheld from explicit encouragement by the jealousy of *Eleanor Barclay*, a young lady, whom *Cheviot*, amid all his poverty, relieves with a sum of money that *Lady Bloomfield* herself had sent to him without a name. *Echo*, a good-natured honest fellow, who imitates the manners and tones of all his companions, has been attached to *Eleanor*, but is urged and pressed by his friends to woo *Lady Bloomfield*. *Cheviot*, in a spirited conference, urges him to perform his original promise. Love and honour resume their influence over his mind; he is united to *Eleanor*, and *Cheviot* receives the hand of *Lady Bloomfield*. The obscurity which, during the earlier part of the play is hung over the birth and connections of the young author, is removed by an interesting scene in the fifth Act, where *Mrs. Barclay*, the mother of *Eleanor*, discovers herself to be the mother of *Cheviot* also, by a gentleman named *Davenant*, who, in early life, deserted her, and had married, and was a widower: while her son was maintained by this very *Davenant*, who having long professed to be only the friend, at last avows himself the father of *Cheviot*, and makes amends to *Mrs. Barclay* by marriage. Little amusement is afforded by the incidental characters of *Dauntless* and *Loiter*, two idle coxcombs, and of *Index*, a

good-natured gentleman, who is instrumental in bringing the parties to a right understanding.

This Play is certainly creditable to its author; for though it discovers no originality of genius, no profound and accurate view of the mixed masquerade of human characters,—but little of the *vis comica*, and less of polished taste, and a refined and skilful portraiture of living manners,—notwithstanding these deductions, it deserves to stand high upon the basis of negative merit, and was well entitled to what it obtained,—security; though it can make no pretensions to what it certainly aspired to, —praise.

Its merit is a sort of bleating innocence; an unarrogating simplicity. Its highest praise is that it does not offend; and, in the present state of the stage, it must be confessed to be no indifferent and original credit, not to disgust.

This play, however, is certainly formed from the floating materials and widely-spreading elements of the novel press. It has been sucked up in the atmosphere of circulating libraries; and has a most powerful impregnation of that diverse kind of extra-human incidents which break out from the Leadenhall shop in periodical abundance. We have children who know not their parents; and parents who do not know their children. We have life turned upside down in search of surprizes. We have novelty in the garb of wonder; and but seldom in the attractive dress of reality or truth.

The character of *Cheviot* is unnatural in the extreme: there is nothing to be seen or imagined like him either in life or fancy.

Echo, *Index*, and *Loiter* had little humour. They had neither the recommendation of life nor of manners: they were the mere ephemera of the stage: the "*Child who many fathers share*." They belong to almost every author who has written for the playhouses for the last dozen years.

The dialogue and occasional sentiment of this piece were mostly entitled to praise; if we except the performers, who were more deserving either than author or play.

This piece made many lucky shots between wind and water, and came securely into port, under a plentiful discharge of clap-trap morality. It kept an even, quiet tenor, in a voyage in which little was ventured, and nothing was gained but safety.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Thursday March 31, was presnted at this theatre a Melo-Drama, entitled, *Bonifacio and Bridgetina*; or, *The Knight of the Hermitage*; or, *The Windmill Turret*; or, *The Spectre of the North East Gallery*.

The idea of this Melo-Drama is taken from the French of Mons. Martainville, and a comic conversation, supposed to pass in the box-lobby between the author, box book-keeper, and one of the audience, is introduced by way of prelude, to inform the public what species of farce they are to expect—from this we easily anticipate a travesty after the manner of *Tom Thumb the Great*, or *Chrononhotonthologus*—the piece then commences with a beautiful view of a castle, forest, and hermitage, where *Sir Hildebrand*, in mock heroics, informs his confident, *Nicholas*, that a sorcerer has robbed him of his daughter, his nephew, and his castle —the recovery of these, and the subjugation of the tyrant *Wizard*, form the ground-work of the succeeding scenes, in which we are presented with every species of pageantry and splendour usually exhibited in pieces of a more serious nature; interspersed with robbers, enlivened with caves and spectres, and finishing with a combat and conflagration.

This piece is a species of burlesque upon Melo-Dramas, preparatory to the exhibition of one. It is translated from the French, to whom we now go for our satire as well as our sentiment.

We have no room to analyze it:—it corresponds with its professions, and was well received by the town. It contains much good scenery, and will doubtless answer the ends of the Managers.